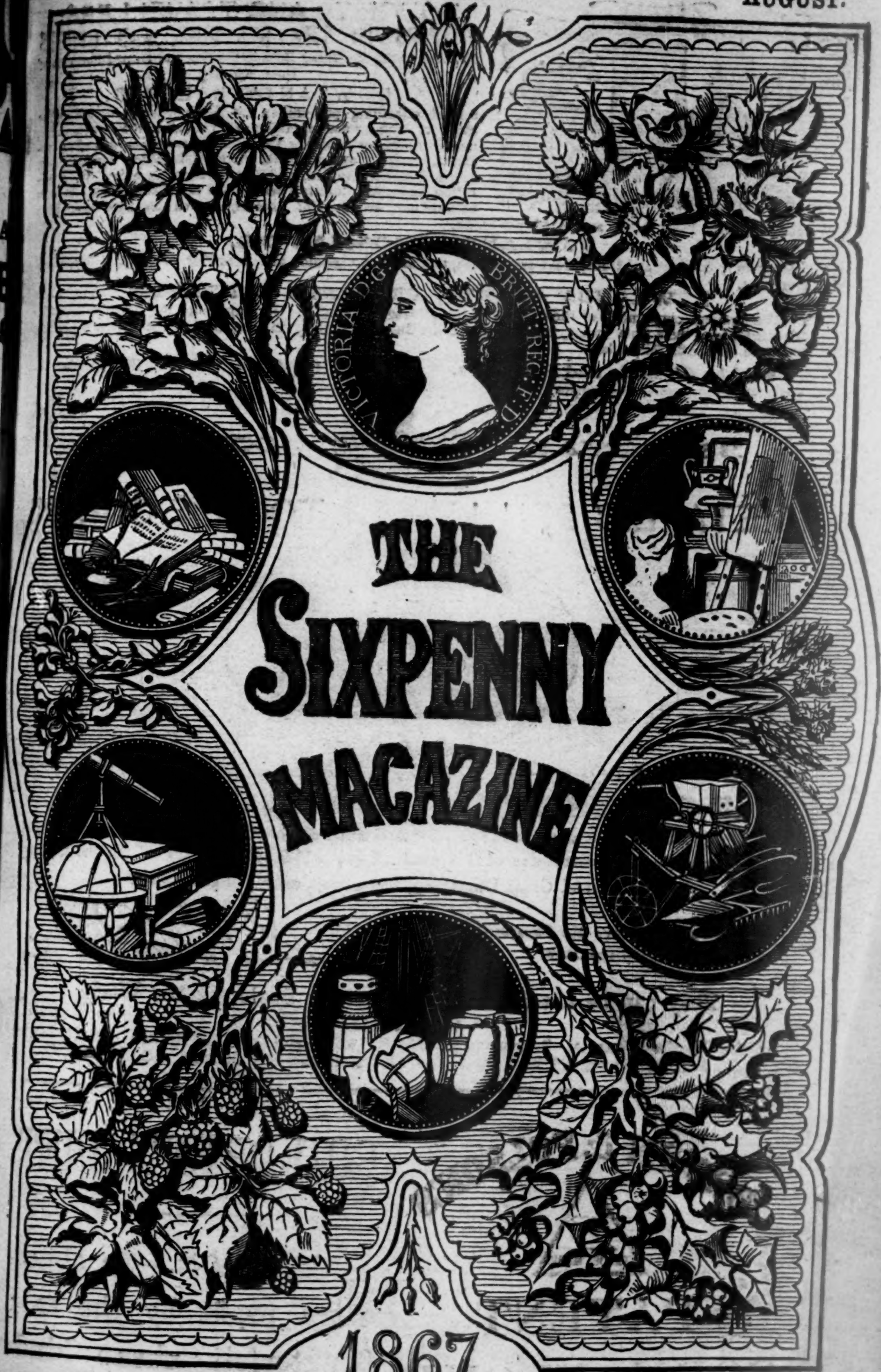


Vol. I.—No. III.]

SIXPENCE

AUGUST.



1867

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AUGUST 1, 1867.

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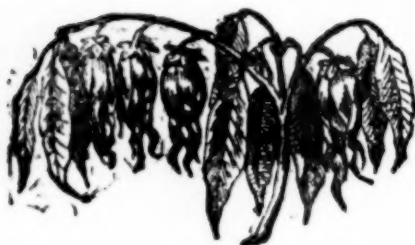
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## MANOR MELLERAY

## CHAPTER V.

## LADY ELIZABETH'S DREAM.

MR. ROTHESAY came to Manor Melleray immediately after Christmas,—“one of his customary visits,” Lady Elizabeth told Evelyn; and whatever was said on that occasion, the marriage was arranged to be at the end of February. It being clear that her mother could dispense with her now, Letitia did not see any reason for postponing it any longer; and although no one spoke of it openly, it was pretty generally understood that Evelyn's presence facilitated matters considerably. Without admitting to herself that she was glad to get rid of her daughter, Lady Elizabeth nevertheless *did* feel very well satisfied that she was so soon to be made happy with “the man of her choice,” to use a Minerva-press phrase. “They loved each other for two years,” she said; “and really they are both remarkable examples of constancy, and it is so pleasant that they are going to be married at last. He is the best and most faithful man in the world: I am sure she will be very happy with him.”

Mr. Rothesay was a plain-featured, but gentlemanly-looking man, about forty. He had a good manner—not much of a talker, but saying what he did say to the purpose; and his behaviour towards Letitia was perfection. There was nothing of the lover in it, neither was there any of the easy indifference of assured possession, so often the result of a long engagement. It was marked by a delicate, respectful homage, than which nothing could be more pleasing to the proud, cold woman, whose whole capability of affection seemed to be exerted solely on his behalf. It was remarkable how well he suited her humour, and she suited him too. The match was an equal one, and the only impediment had been Lady Elizabeth's health; and now, although that was not much improved, Letitia's presence was rendered less necessary, by reason of her brother's ward being so readily prepared to fill her place; and so, as there was every likelihood that she would remain with the invalid during the life of the latter, Letitia was at liberty to bestow her hand on her Scotch suitor, Angus Rothesay.

During his visit, Lia had continued in the housekeeper's care; but after a fortnight, she began to ramble about the great Manor Melleray house, with her characteristic coolness, as if she had been born in it. Young bones, when broken, are easily mended, and the

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arm was nearly well ; but she carried it in a sling. No one came to inquire about her, nor did she propose to return to Darneath, or to have any notice of her accident sent to whatever friends she had. This mystery would not have been very pleasant to Lady Elizabeth, but it being Christmas-time, she passed it over, and made no remark about the extreme facility with which she settled down to a life which must be very new to her ; conforming to all the habits of the house, and making herself quite at home, as if she had been an invited guest. Not that she was exactly admitted into the inner life of the family—the uncertainty respecting her birth and station forbade that ; but all that was allowed to her, she took advantage of, Letitia being the only person who kept her at arm's length, for she scarcely noticed her at all. Female curiosity, under the guise of Lady Elizabeth's maid Rachel, had ascertained at one of the best shops in Darneath, that a foreign gentleman was lodging there, who had a daughter, a little girl about fourteen, answering exactly to the description she gave of Lia ; and the people further said that she was "a little odd," and very mischievous, and enjoyed nothing so much as puzzling and perplexing others ; so this explained the small mystery she was attempting to carry on at Manor Melleray. The foreign gentleman had no profession ; had plenty of money, and seemed to be staying at Darneath merely to please himself, "which, to be sure," as Rachel said, when reporting this to her mistress, "was natural he should, seeing that his daughter had fallen into high life all at once, and it was ten to one he'd stop in Darneath all his life, if Lia was to have such grand acquaintances ; but sure, my lady, as I said to Susan, it's little overjoyed she seems at that ; one would think she was used to it since she was born, which all know she wasn't, even though he *has* plenty of money ; for if he was any great things, he wouldn't go lodge in a shop. But he's off somewhere now, and I suppose she means to stay here till he comes back."

And hearing this, and seeing that Evelyn was amused with her new acquaintance, Lady Elizabeth made no opposition to their intimacy, resolving, however, not to let it go very far. But they rapidly became friends—that is, on Evelyn's part was the friendship, and on Lia's part the endurance of it. She was a strange girl ; so said Lady Elizabeth to herself a dozen times a day. She could not understand her ; she almost feared her. There was nothing vulgar or loud about Lia ; there was a wild freedom in her manner, a carelessness in her choice of words, and yet she always chanced on those which expressed her meaning most clearly, and almost elegantly, sometimes, but rarely, mingling Italian and French expressions with the English ; but her perfect acquaintance with the last showed that, wherever she was born and reared, that was her



mother tongue: and her gestures and movements were full of a wild grace. After a time she became communicative to a certain extent; that is, she spoke of foreign countries she had been in, and sights she had seen, and described them vividly, speaking in a rapid, nervous manner, and not without gesticulation; but she was perfectly at her ease with Lady Elizabeth. There was none of the respect that marked Evelyn's behaviour towards her; and yet she was never rude or forward, only the faculty of veneration must have been very weak in her development. Somehow the invalid could not like her, although she strove to do so, for she pitied the lovely young creature. She had some unaccountable distrust of her which she could not conquer, and which afterwards grew into fear.

At last Lia took herself away, saying that her father wanted her in Darneath: but she did not give up her acquaintance with Evelyn, and, much against Lady Elizabeth's wish—which she was too kind and gentle, and, perhaps, I ought to add, weak-minded, to show—they met frequently.

Letitia's marriage took place on the twenty-sixth of February. Two bridesmaids came from London, and another from a country place called Fernhurst, and Evelyn made the fourth. A certain Miss Challis, whom she met afterwards, was to have been one of them, but her uncle, with whom she lived, was very ill, and she did not choose to leave him. And there came a few people from different places to be present at the bridal, and amongst them Lord Charles Thalberg, whose acquaintance she now made for the first time. He was son to the Earl of Sherbruce, who was Lady Elizabeth's brother, and who owned the magnificent demesne of Sherbruce, contiguous to Manor Melleray. The Earl and Countess, and their daughters, Euphrosyna and Jennie, were away in Rome; but Letitia received nice letters and presents from them, and from various other friends who were not bidden to the ceremony.

Lord Charles had been elected without opposition for the county of Darneath, which honour Arthur Levison had declined, and the two young men went away together after Letitia had started on her bridal tour. But Mr. Levison returned after a fortnight or so, "only, however," as Lady Elizabeth told her *protégée*, "to go away very soon;" and when he did, they too settled down to a very quiet life at Manor Melleray, but a very pleasant one nevertheless. They were so happy together, and the union between them was growing stronger every day. They were thrown so much together, and there being no one else in the house, Evelyn was continually with her, chatting, or reading, or singing, for her; and so the time passed pleasantly enough. Lady Elizabeth insisted that she should have exercise, and she would take an occasional canter, accompanied by a groom;

or, perhaps, now and then a stroll through the park with Lia. The latter kept on coming, and seemed to take pleasure in being with Evelyn: either that, or she was merely obeying some one else, who had a motive for the acquaintance; but a silent antagonism was growing between her and Lady Elizabeth. There was an extraordinary hardihood about Lia. She knew this, and yet she did not stay away, and she even exerted herself to amuse her, which she was quite able to do, for she had great powers of mimicry and description; not with a view to win her favour, or to dissipate her dislike, but purely to please Evelyn. The latter thought she was a source of great amusement to her adopted mother—and so she was. She laughed heartily at her vagaries, and humorous remarks; but still she could not conquer a strange presentiment that this very young and merely eccentric girl was an enemy of hers. It was weak, to be sure; but be it remembered she was a nervous, invalided lady, who had nothing else to think about, and whose mind was rather given to fearful fancies; but it never occurred to her to connect Lia's father with the fierce-eyed foreigner Letitia had seen in Darneath. She tried to fight against her fears, and to take an interest in Lia; and sometimes when her eyes would be turned away, she would notice an almost pensive expression on the shadowy face, and mark the slim, almost emaciated figure, the ill-cared hair, twisted with indifferent taste about her head, the little brown hands with the long talon-like nails, the untidy dress; and then a gush of compunctious pity would come over her, and she would say what a foolish, nay, cruel thing, it was to distrust this poor, neglected, perhaps motherless girl of fourteen; but a word, a short, unfriendly lurid glance out of the dusky eyes, a careless laugh, that somehow had the sound of menace in it, would launch her back again into the old unaccountable apprehensions; and every time this happened her distrust, which she told herself twenty times a-day was absurd and childish, grew stronger and stronger. As it were to punish, or to discipline herself, she tolerated Lia's visits, and even encouraged them; and sometimes, too, found a certain pleasure in her society, in spite of that under-current of doubt. Lia had a splendid voice, which had not been cultivated, and which yet made Evelyn quite ashamed of her own performance; and she sang with a feeling and pathos never apparent in her manner, and which brought tears into the invalid's eyes. But she dashed from one style of song into another—and they were all either Italian or German, with an occasional French *chanson*—with her usual eccentricity; and often, when she noticed her effect, down she would come with a few inharmonious squeaks from some exquisite Italian cantata, and commence a rattling, harum-scarum glee—meant for four voices, but which she managed very well



nevertheless—with every inflection of her voice carrying the sound of laughter in it; until Lady Elizabeth would have to smile with the tears still in her eyes.

The spring was speeding away, and at last bright, genial May came round, when the days were long, and balmy, and sunshiny, and the sky almost cloudless; and the fresh, soft air, the merry voices of the birds, the opening flowers, the bright green foliage, were all very delightful to the invalid, who loved nature in the way that Wordsworth loved it. One morning was particularly lovely, and so mild that she asked Evelyn to throw open the window, near which she sat, as she had a great longing to feel the fresh air on her face. It was about noon. The morning room was in the back of the house, and there was a good sweep of the park visible from it, as well as some of the Sherbruce demesne. The birds were twittering merrily in the trees near the open window, and the shrubberies and gardens had a bright, summer-like appearance; but Lady Elizabeth preferred the park and hills, with the thick copses, in the irregular outline of natural groves, and the clustered brushwood, and the wavy hill-tops, crested with young plantations of fir, and larch, their hindmost slopes lit up into glorious emerald and gold with the noon-day sun, to the dressed ground of the gardens. And yet Evelyn thought the terraces, and fountains, and classic statues, all very graceful. The gardens, from this window, had a particularly beautiful effect, the snowy white marble, and dancing water, in the midst of the bright-hued flowers, with a background of forest-green; and there went the Lacken, winding its silvery path between mossy banks, with the sunbeams shimmering in its bright, clear water.

The day was so fine that Evelyn wore a fresh summer muslin, and to please her kind friend she let her beautiful chesnut hair fall about her shoulders in all its old luxurious freedom; sitting at her feet, to enable her to play with the glossy cloud, whilst she read a chapter out of the Bible for her, which constituted the matutinal devotions of both; and when that was done she laid down the book, and for a few minutes a low, earnest conversation was carried on, which was almost as habitual as the chapter itself, in which its contents were discussed, and Evelyn listened reverentially whilst her companion expressed some tender, pious sentiments that found a ready echo in her own heart, and were remembered and bore fruit long afterwards, when that gentle voice was stilled for ever. This religious feeling cemented the union between them. Evelyn looked up to her as to one far superior to herself; and, indeed, there was something in Lady Elizabeth that was not of the common mould. Her long apprenticeship to suffering had elevated her mind above the level of this work-a-day world. She looked upwards instead of

around her, and the earthly things she did take pleasure in were those which, from their beauty or their worth, deserved to rank with that pure contemplation. They had ceased speaking, and Evelyn was pondering pensively over what had been said, when, with a loud tap, somebody entered the room, and, thinking it was Lia, she remarked, without looking round—

“I wish you had been a little sooner, and you would have heard something for your good!”

“Indeed!” said a manly voice behind her, and then she jumped up, her face all ablaze.

Arthur Levison was bending over his mother, to kiss her, and both were smiling, and she stood looking at them, her pulse beating at a tremendous rate, and her colour coming and going, for, to be sure, it *was* such a surprise. They had not expected him, and Lady Elizabeth looked almost as much fluttered as she did herself, but very well pleased. And then, having shaken hands with Evelyn, he drew a chair near them, and she was about to slip down into her old perch, when she recollected the disordered state of her hair; and with a quick glance to see if he noticed it—which to be sure he did, for what escaped him?—and a little confused at perceiving that he did, she left the room to put it in order. But when she came back he remarked quietly—

“You might have left it as it was, Evelyn; it did very well. Don’t you think so, mother?”

“You mean her hair,” she replied; “yes, but that sight was not intended for your delectation. Who did you take him for, Linnie?”

“I thought it was Lia,” she replied, as she resumed her old seat. “You know she often enters in that sudden way.”

“That is a reflection upon me,” said he. “Did I come in a sudden way? Ought I to have had myself announced?”

“Oh, no!” said his mother, “she is only taking a young lady’s revenge for being caught unprepared.”

“It was a very becoming unpreparedness!” he returned, with a glance at her; but she was busy drawing the jewelled rings off Lady Elizabeth’s soft, white fingers, and putting them on again, and took no notice. “I will admit,” he added, “I wanted to take you both by surprise. I saw Letitia since, mother. She had called at Challis Hough, and was on her way to Scotland. When I received Evelyn’s last letter, in which she told me that you were so well, I said I would wait to answer it in person. And so I have yet to tell you that Mr. John Casilis is dead, as I know you never look at the papers.”

Lady Elizabeth looked mildly concerned, and said, “It was sudden, then, after all?”



"No, Miss Challis was quite prepared for it. She wrote to me, requesting me to call. She learned from Letitia, who made no stay there, in consequence of his illness, that I had been staying at the Duke of Winterhaven's place in Danesshire, but I had left that. However, I met Letitia just after she left Challis Hough, and she told me of this, and so I went there at once. I cannot imagine what the old man wanted with me, for he said nothing particular, except to repeat over and over again, that he hoped I would comply with his dying wishes. He did not tell me what they were, but the lawyer gave me to understand that the will nearly affected me, and I shall have to go down there to hear it read."

"I hope he did not leave you anything, Arthur," said Lady Elizabeth. "I have heard that he became rich in a rather questionable manner. But I forget he is dead; I should not speak thus of him now."

"Your stricture was very mild, considering the person you were speaking of," returned her son, smiling; "however, as you have set me the example, I suppose I ought to be charitable, and leave him to the shelter that the grave gives. Then we all know he was quite puritanical in piety during the latter years of his life. When the lieutenant asked his servant, 'Was he a Christian?' and received for answer, 'Oh, yes, sahib! me bery good Christian! me curse, me swear, me read de paper, me drink fire-water, me bery good Christian!' and was greatly shocked thereat, it did not occur to him that those who curse and swear, and indulge in liberal potations, may not be the blackest sheep of the fold. You are thinking, I am not keeping to my charitable resolution, but you see how Evelyn laughs at my profane story. There now, we will leave John Casilis to his fate, whatever that may be. I found Miss Challis's letter at my club last week. Winterhaven had sent it there, as being most likely to find me."

"Is he quite well now?"

"Not quite, but nearly. His mother and sisters were in London, as they could not, of course, lose the season. It looks unfeeling, to be sure; but they knew he was recovering, and a fellow should not expect his sisters to be unable to enjoy themselves whilst he was down with an Indian sun-stroke. He is not a bit rejoiced at exchanging his epaulettes for a duke's coronet, although the climate was so hard on him. But we had pleasant times there.—Well, Evelyn, what about your mysterious quadron? Is she as mysterious as ever?"

"I had a strange dream about her last night," said Lady Elizabeth. "I have been thinking of it all the morning. I cannot get it out of my head."

"You did not tell it to me," said Evelyn, with childish petulance.

"No," she replied, looking at her in a doubtful way, as if debating with herself whether she would tell her then or not. At last she went on to describe it, speaking more to her son than to Evelyn.

"I thought Linnie and I were down at the Lacken, standing looking into the water. It was in the very commencement of autumn, and I believe we had some understanding between us that we would count the leaves that would pass down the stream, every leaf being a year, and the number was to tell how many years I should have my little pet with me," and she stroked her hair softly. "That part is very indistinct, but I know we made some silly arrangement of the kind, and I set myself very anxiously to watch for the leaves. I remember fearing that not many would come, it being so early in autumn. What happened next is as vivid in my mind as if it were an actual fact. Only that I found myself in bed in the morning, I could almost believe that I had been standing by the Lacken, and had seen what I saw in my dream. Even after being some time awake, I was questioning myself, could it be possible that I had become a somnambulist for that one night, and had gone down to the Lacken, and found Linnie there waiting for me—a temporary somnambulist, too. But I must not let its weird influences steal over me as I tell it. Not one leaf had passed,"—already her face turned paler, and Evelyn felt the hand she held trembling a little—"not one leaf had passed, when it seemed to me that the Lacken was widening, and I saw that it had grown into a grand river, and I noticed what was like a jungle at the other side, and heard a low, rumbling sound, like the roar of some wild beast. But we two remained standing by one of the banks, still not much startled. But I felt a cold chill stealing over me. Almost at the same moment Linnie said, 'There is something coming.' What put such a spectral expression into her mouth? As I repeat it now, I feel the very same sensation that I felt then—what I felt once, years and years ago, when a child, I lay awake one night, and found myself walking through a pathless, interminable forest, and seeing a monster shape crossing my path every few minutes. When Linnie said that, I don't know what made me look *up* the river. Perhaps I hoped it would be leaves, but no, it was a tiny boat, something like the canoes of the Indians, and there was an erect figure standing in the middle of it, but not doing anything to propel it down the river. It was moving of itself. When it came nearer, I saw that the figure was Lia—the dusky skin, the mocking look—but her strange eyes had a preternatural light in them. I knew it was Lia, and at that moment I remembered all my superstitious fears of her; and I said within myself, 'I was right, after all,' for I knew that something was



going to happen. A lurid light proceeded from her eyes, that was actually reflected on the water. The hour seemed to be dusk—there was a crimson radiance low in the heavens, that glinted between the trunks of the trees, and lit up the lower part of the river, towards which she was approaching; but behind her was a deep gloom, which seemed to be advancing with the progress of the boat, and which in itself was rather terrifying. We could not stir—we were spell-bound. When the boat came nearly opposite us, it shot into the bank, and then Lia said a few words and put out her hand, and Evelyn took it. I could not prevent it; I was in a horrible nightmare, and could not stir hand nor foot, nor utter a word. When I saw her step into the boat, and it shoot out into the middle of the river, and glide on until it was lost in that effulgence, I made a great effort to scream out, and awoke.”

“Do not think any more about it, mother,” said Arthur, seeing that she was agitated by the recollection of her dream, and that Evelyn was stroking her hand as if to soothe her.

“Oh, Arthur, it was a dreadful dream. I was trembling all over when I awoke, and there was a cold damp on my forehead.”

“Well, but you know it was only a dream, and one easily explained too.”

“How explained?” said she, anxiously.

“You have been fancying all sorts of things about this girl, and giving a meaning to her wild, daring looks, as if she was anything but an odd, wayward, and rather amusing girl. I rather liked her, in fact, and I thought she was a source of amusement to you and Evelyn. And these fancies gave her the preternatural light, and the cause that moved as if it had an invisible steam-engine, and the river that had grown to let her tawny mightiness pass; a phenomenon which seems rather unnecessary in the programme, for she and her cockle-shell could have got down the Lacken easily enough. These are the only elements of impossibility in the proceedings, except, to be sure, the counting of the leaves, which I could scarcely think my sensible mother would be capable of. It was not, however, an unlikely thing in her companion.”

He succeeded in making her smile, especially when Evelyn made a move at this disparaging remark.

“What were the words Lia said, mother?” asked feminine curiosity at this point.

“No matter about them; they are of no consequence,” but she gave her son a look at the same moment, which seemed to imply that they were. And afterwards, when Evelyn was not present, she told him that the words Lia spoke were, “I will bring you to your mother.” This part of her dream made the deepest impression on her mind, but his strong common sense soon disposed of it, as well as of the

rest, and at his request she tried to give up thinking about it, and at length succeeded.

The days that followed Arthur Levison's return were particularly pleasant to Lady Elizabeth and her *protégée*, but he had to go away again to hear Mr. Casilis's will read, as the lawyer had given him to understand that he was mentioned in it. Mr. Casilis was connected very distantly with the Levison family; but his niece, Sydney Challis, and Letitia were great friends. They were nearly of an age, Sydney being a few years younger, and before Mr. Levison went to India it was thought he would be married to her. But those who knew him best, and chief amongst them his mother, believed that he had never entertained the idea, and that he was only amusing himself with a passing flirtation, after the manner of young officers. This Lady Elizabeth told Evelyn during those days that he was away at Challis Hough. When he came back, there was a change in his manner, a gloom on his handsome face. He and his mother had a long private conversation, after which she looked grave too; but she said nothing to Evelyn then, of what had been the purport of Mr. Casilis's will, which had seemed to have such an unpleasant effect. And yet if she could have foreseen what was to come to pass, she would perhaps have deemed it wiser to make that revelation, for it might have opened the young girl's eyes to the change that was taking place in herself, and have impelled her to struggle against it before it was too late, before the passion which was afterwards to be too strong for her had taken deep root in her heart. Lady Elizabeth was silent, because she was unwilling to touch on the subject, and it was not until a few months afterwards that Evelyn learned what were the fetters Mr. Casilis had imposed on her guardian.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A PROPOSAL.

"PLEASE send away that little plague, Miss Dormer, and let us take a row over the lake. I'll not bring her, to have her tumbling into the water, and her mother saying I wanted to drown her. Don't you see those others gone off there, how jolly they are? Do now! I'll take care of you, never fear; but I won't go security for the brat, she's so mischievous; she'd pitch herself in, to put us in a fix. Oh, you'll do it, you small Mephistophiles! You need'nt be holding Miss Dormer's skirt. You must go to your nurse—by Jove, you must! Go play catch-who-catch-can, with the other bairns. You're a deuced deal too precocious, I can tell you. It ought to be your business to stay a child as long as you can, instead of thrusting



yourself upon your elders in such a way. The time will come, when you'll want to whip a few years off your age, and can't; so take my advice, and go, play catch-who-catch-can, or post-town, or anything you like with those other playing bairns."

The scene was Sherbruce demesne, the time August, the speaker Lord Charles Thalberg, only son to the Earl of Sherbruce, a good-looking, pleasant young fellow, over twenty-one, and, spite of his own efforts to get rid of his youngness, very young, and very nice, and quite unspoiled still; his audience, Miss Evelyn Dormer and a little girl of seven, daughter to Mrs. Packenham Digby, Lord Thalberg's eldest and only married sister. There was a fair assemblage of visitors at Sherbruce Castle, and the Manor-Melleray people were in the habit of coming over there pretty frequently. Even Lady Elizabeth had ventured. She had been so well during the summer, that she had often gone out about the park, and was induced by Evelyn to stroll sometimes into her brother's demesne, and mix once more with her old friends who were staying with the Countess. They had all visited her, as soon as they arrived at the Castle—all those she had been in the habit of meeting during her husband's life; and there was a pleasure, somewhat dashed with melancholy, in renewing her acquaintance with them. Before this year she had been unwilling to receive any one, her deep grief for her loss, and her illness, indisposing her for society; but Evelyn's presence had almost worked wonders in the way of cheering her spirits, and she was even induced to lay aside the mourning, and appear in quiet, sober colours, that had a less lugubrious effect. Her walk was feeble, but she was still able to get along without help; and she enjoyed beyond anything those quiet summer strolls with her favourite. The Lacken, and the parts adjacent to it, were their chief resort, and there were no unpleasant associations, as regarded the dream connected therewith; for with her physical strength was the mind fortified, and she had benefited by her son's advice so well, that before this month of August arrived she had almost forgotten it altogether. There was nothing so good for her as his cheerful, careless, manly talk, and the sight of his tall, powerful figure, and the sound of his pleasant laugh; for he had that blessing of *mens sana in corpore sano*, and his presence in a house sent a radiance of life and good-humour, and subtle happiness about him, like the blessed sunshine. And Lady Elizabeth herself did not feel this more entirely than his little ward; but I must not speak of that dawning sentiment yet, still a mystery to herself. It is not right to lay bare a maiden's heart, before she herself has given its secret that first, trembling, blushing recognition; when she starts aghast at learning that her very soul has gone forth from her to enlist in the bondage of some burly, bearded, dark-eyed, deep-voiced

Claudio ; who may, with far less provocation than a Borachio's vile slanders, cast back the treasure to her, and leave her to "die on his words," like the too magnanimous Hero.

Mr. Levison had bestowed more of his society on the two fair recluses of Manor Melleray during the time that intervened between the Challis Hough affair and the present, than he did in the previous months ; for, with the exception of an occasional absence of a week or so, he stayed there continually, and took Evelyn to ride, and played *ecarté* with his mother, and made himself altogether very agreeable and delightful. And during this month of August he entered into the amusements that were going forward with some zest ; for it may as well be made known of him here, that there was a certain amount of *vis inertiae* in his composition, which he sometimes combated successfully enough, but on occasions it gained the upper hand ; and more than once when he encountered the martyrdom of fashionable amusements, had he been "done to death" with *ennui*. But that his mother and Evelyn might have a little pleasure, he braved the languishing glances of marriageable daughters, and the significant little speeches of match-making mammas, and took them over to Sherbruce frequently, and exerted all his rare witchery of manner, and capabilities of making and taking enjoyment, for the benefit of the little world congregated there.

There was a door of communication between the two parks which saved them a long round, and which opened on the immediate grounds about the castle ; and the two families were continually backward and forward ; and especially, Lord Charles Thalberg seemed incapable of valuing the society at the Castle without the Manor-Melleray element being mingled therein. "The fact was," as he afterwards told Arthur himself, "he was desperately in love with Miss Dormer—such a nice little thing, you know, and all that," her chief charm being that there was "no nonsense about her ;" and he betrayed this hastily-conceived passion in a demonstrative manner, which naturally gave rise to the suspicion that it could not be very deeply-rooted. Evelyn, however, had no idea that she was an object of admiration to her guardian's cousin, for she gave him very little of her thoughts. She liked him well enough, for he was very pleasant, and good-natured, and amusing, and often made her laugh. She liked his sister, Lady Jennie, too—a pleasant, dashing, and, the least little bit, fast young lady, some eight or nine years older than herself, who had had a host of lovers, to all of whom she meted out the exact same amount of encouragement, and on none of whom she bestowed that peculiarly sweet smile which usually greeted her cousin, Arthur Levison ; but as to Euphrosyna, the eldest unmarried "girl," who was a little *fade*, and given, as Jennie said, to deep things—meaning politics—and metaphysics,



and all the other “-ics;” her intellectually pallid face, and colourless hair, and frigid manners, and supreme superiority, were quite beyond the appreciation of Lady Elizabeth’s simple-minded pet. Mrs. Packenham Digby and her husband were present at the Castle, and their little “Flo,” was a fast friend of Evelyn’s. She was a little given to mischief, as her uncle had said, although not to the extent of committing suicide for the sake of “putting him in a fix.” He had a horror of her, for she drew Miss Dormer’s attention from himself and his sayings, and that was not pleasant. Hence the uncomplimentary remarks he bestowed on her when trying to induce Evelyn to go on the lake with him without her.

But Evelyn was not disposed to go then, she would rather play with Flo; and promising to favour him with her company in an hour or so, she and her small companion dashed away through the trees to gather wild flowers.

The lake was a magnificent stretch of clear, shining water, in the southern extremity of the park, and a good distance from the house, with a richly-wooded island, not in the middle, but rather near one of the banks, and which was a favourite lounge for some of the guests. About half-an-hour afterwards, the flower-gatherers were roaming about in a grove directly opposite this island, Evelyn singing blithely—

“Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,”

when she suddenly stopped, for she had heard some voices, and made a sign to Flo to be silent, for they had been laughing merrily a minute before. The voices came from the water’s side, and she recognised them as belonging to Lord Charles Thalberg and her guardian. And the two remained lurking silently, but with subdued mirth; for, as Evelyn said, he would certainly be asking her to go now, and she would much rather go on enjoying herself as she had been; thus showing that she was dishonourably minded to postpone the performance of her promise.

“I suppose he’s looking for us. Don’t speak, or laugh, or do anything, Flo, until they are gone away. Oh, goodness! I wonder did they hear that branch crackling!—I think they are very near now. That is Lord Thalberg who is speaking. What is he saying? I suppose it’s no harm to listen. Oh, Florry—Florry, your uncle is going off now! he says he is sure we are in the lake plantation, and that, you know, is ever so far away. I shall die with laughing! Don’t make a noise. I wonder is Mr. Levison there still? I’ll take a peep. Come on, Flo; but walk on air, if you can.” After picking her way a little bit with the docile Flo at her heels, she came to a full stop again. “Goodness me! I wonder is my

guardian there ; he is very quiet if so. And, still, Lord Thalberg wouldn't call out so loud that he was going to the lake plantation, if he wasn't leaving him behind."

A few steps more, and the mystery was explained. She came to an opening in the trees, and there lay the whole fine panorama of the lake before her, with the low, clustered brush-wood and luxuriant foliage of the island opposite reflected in the water, and the deer bounding over the distant glades and hollows of the park, at the farther side ; and the boat that was to convey her over the shining surface moored to the bank. And there, too, was Arthur Levison stretched at full length—and what a length it was !—on the grass, under the shade of an enormous oak, and with his shoulder resting against the moss-covered trunk—a prostrate Hercules. He was facing the water, and was idly switching the grass with a riding-whip ; and Evelyn stopped, and looked pensively at him for a minute or so. Then an idea entered her head. Flo had a great quantity of flowers collected, and was carrying them in nothing less than the skirt of her dress, which she held up with her chubby little hands ; and she whispered her to go and throw them all over him. Nothing loth, the child bounded forward, and presently the recumbent gentleman found himself deluged with a flowery shower, and a half-suppressed laugh from the grove told him that there was more than one person concerned in the assault. He did not seem to be taken by surprise, for he very quietly put back his hand, caught the little thing in the waist, before she could run away ; and with that single grasp, just under the arm, he whirled her over his own person, and landed her on the grass before him, which Evelyn thought was a feat.

"Let me go!" screamed Flo, struggling to get free.

"Tell me who told you to do that first."

"I won't!"

"You'll not get off until you do."

"I won't tell you!" said Flo, more resolutely, catching sight of Evelyn's upraised finger, warning her to keep the secret. "Let me go!" she cried, redoubling her efforts ; but he held her fast, and at last, quite tired of struggling, she lay still in his arms. "Did you get a start?" she asked, then, more amicably, her eyes dancing with glee.

"O yes, of course ! but are you going to tell me who set you on, or must I guess?"

"You couldn't."

"Well, let us try. Was it Miss Evelyn Dormer?"

"O! law!" cried Flo, glancing over at her patroness ; "how did you guess?"

"I am right, then ? Tell Miss Dormer to come out here and show herself. She should have more respect for her guardian."



"Let me go, then, and I will," said his captive.

"No, she is quite near enough to hear you from this," said he, and thereupon Evelyn wondered had he eyes in the back of his head, or how did he know that she was close behind him? With a protesting expression of countenance, she brought herself into sight, and said, half laughingly—

"Let Flo go, please. She and I are going out on the lake."

"By yourselves?"

"I suppose so. Come, Flo!"

"He won't let me go," cried Flo, dolefully. "Horrid big man, I hate you!"

"Will you give me a kiss, then, and I will?"

"No, I won't! you have too much beard."

"I suppose it's this you mean," said he, pushing aside his curling moustache; "now?"

"Will you let me go if I do?" and when he promised, she put down her rosy little lips to his, and the kiss was accomplished; and then Flo skipped away joyously to her friend, and went dancing about, whilst the latter was loosening the boat, and then jumped in, very nearly upsetting it with that headlong spring.

"Will you take me with you?" called out Arthur, but without moving.

"It would be a pity to disturb you," said Evelyn, briskly.

"I'll go, if you'll take me."

"Oh! we don't want you," said the pert Flo; and Evelyn shot the boat out with her oar, and settled herself for rowing, the little girl having another to make pretence of helping her.

But her guardian sprang to his feet, and came down to the bank.

"Come back for me," said he, with a laugh, and drawing up his fine figure somewhat lazily.

"Shall we take him in, Flo?" And then she sent the boat back, without waiting for an answer; and he stepped in, and took the oars from both, and told Evelyn to go sit in the stern; and with a few powerful strokes sent it far out into the lake.

And in the meantime, it must be admitted for Miss Dormer, that she was not sorry it was her guardian rowing the boat for her, instead of Lord Charles Thalberg.

They went about a little at first, then landed on the island, and Flo went scampering away through the thickets; but Mr. Levison advised his ward to sit down on the bank, which she did, with a sly sparkle in her eyes, for she knew he was more inclined for lying on the grass than for walking. As he stretched himself beside her, he remarked, apologetically, for he had caught that sparkle—

"India makes a fellow very indolent. It is so hard to move in

the great heat. You can have no idea of it. It is even a bore to play billiards, though in the lightest attire; and I have often seen men fall asleep over whist. Nothing enjoyable but punkahs and pale ale."

"I suppose this would not be a very warm day there?" said Evelyn.

"Oh! no—quite a cool day; and I believe it is about the hottest we know in England. I should not imagine that you felt it very oppressive, though—your dress has such a nice cool appearance. Hallo! what's this? A troop of sowars?"

It was only Flo, however, coming to tell Evelyn, with great zest, that her uncle, Lord Thalberg, was on the opposite bank, and wondering where the boat was gone.

"And look," she cried, "there are others coming up."

"You did not treat him very well," said Arthur Levison to his ward. "Why wouldn't you go with him?"

"I don't know—I didn't like. He teases me sometimes," she replied, petulantly, and plucking the leaves off a bough that dragged over her shoulder. She had avoided Lord Thalberg, whilst she was only too happy to go with his cousin; but it would not be pleasant for *him* to find that out, and he seemed very near it just then. She threw him a quick glance to see if he had any suspicion of the fact, but his eyes were fixed curiously on her face, and she looked away immediately, colouring a little at being caught.

"Well, Buffalo bird, who is it now?" said he, as Flo made her appearance again.

"Why do you call her that?" asked Evelyn, without venturing to look at him.

"Did you never hear of the Buffalo bird? It is a little bird that follows the buffalo, and keeps guard for him whilst he sleeps."

"How so?"

"It sits perched between the beast's horns; and when danger is near, like a faithful sentinel, it wakens him, and up he jumps and bundles off, the bird with him."

"Oh, how funny!" exclaimed the delighted Flo; "and how does it waken him?"

"Pinches him, I suppose," said he, gravely.

"It couldn't pinch; perhaps it pecks him with its bill. Is that it?"

"Exactly."

"And does he know that it's the little bird minds him?" persisted Flo, eager for information.

"Oh, yes; and is very grateful, too. He calls her his little wife."



"That's a tarradiddle!" said she, leaning over his shoulder, and pulling his beard.

"Now, I must have another kiss for that impertinence. You know, if you were a man I would fight you for saying it; that is, if duelling were not gone out of vogue;" and then he made good his word, Flo not thinking it ruffled her dignity to be plucked into a young man's arms and kissed. But Evelyn called her away, and told her to sit down by her, to hear more about the buffalo-bird.

"I think the honey-bird better still," said Mr. Levison, watching the two of them.

"The honey-bird!" cried Flo, jumping up again, for she could not stop long in one place. "What makes it be called the honey-bird?"

"Because it is so fond of honey; and the way it has of getting it is wonderful. You see it dare not venture near the hive itself, being afraid of the bees; but as soon as it discovers one, it flies away to the men who are on the look-out for honey, and sings a peculiar little note, and they know the bird at once, and follow it to the hive, and drive away the bees, and take the honey."

"And do they give some to the bird, then?" asked his ward.

"Yes, of course; she waits on a neighbouring tree quite patiently, whilst they are breaking into the hive with sticks. If she went near the bees would sting her in the eye; that is the only place in which she is vulnerable, her coat is so thick the sting could not get through it."

"In the eye?" repeated Evelyn; "that would be very sore there."

"I should think so, but they have got a remedy for it now, or, rather, a preventive. Could you guess what it is? There is a little pair of spectacles made for the bird; it is a capital plan, for, of course, they could not sting her through the glass. You don't believe that?"

"No, indeed!"

"Well, I won't vouch for that part, but the rest is a fact. The bird is a perfect god-send to the men on the look-out for honey?"

"They ought to give her a great deal," said Flo, "when she helps them so much. It's very mean of them if they don't."

"But they do; they must keep her in good-humour, you know. I suppose, if you were the bird, you'd make a perfect Babel of the woods if they didn't go halves with you, at least; you are like one that could squeak to some purpose. Suppose you go to the other side of the island, now, and bring us word what is to be seen there. But I would recommend you not to tumble into the water, as I won't be near to pull you out."

"You want to get rid of me," said the astute Flo; at which he

laughed. "You want to be talking to Miss Dormer by herself—that's like Uncle Thalberg; but Miss Dormer would rather be speaking to me than either of you. I wish I was grown up, and then I wouldn't be sent away."

Evelyn tried to appease her. "He doesn't want to get rid of you; he was only jesting. You and I will go play now, and leave him to himself;" and she looked reproachfully at him for vexing her *protégée*; but the expression she saw there was not a repentant one—rather a grimace of impatience; and, to punish him, she was going to do as she had said, when a brilliant butterfly appeared and Flo, forgetting her grievance, immediately went scampering away, hard and fast, after it.

"I *did* want to get rid of her," said he then. "Thalberg was speaking to me about you just now."

"About me! What did he say, pray?"

"He admires you intensely."

"I am very much obliged to him. Is that all?"

"No. The fact of the matter is, he has proposed for you."

She opened her eyes wide, and looked at him; then gave a short, little laugh, and shrugged her shoulders prettily.

"Yes, indeed—asked you in marriage! I was rather taken by surprise myself, I must say. Are you disposed to give him any encouragement?"

"I know you are jesting, Mr. Levison."

"Upon my honour, no! I am quite in earnest, and so is he. He says he is desperately in love with you—that you bewitched him at the time of Letitia's marriage, and he spoke to me first, being your guardian, and all that; quite correct, too. And now, what answer am I to give him?"

"Oh it is so funny!" said Evelyn, laughing merrily. "Who ever heard of the like!"

"That is not the proper way to receive a proposal," said her guardian, with a very grave face, but there was a slight twinkle in his eyes. "It is a very serious thing. Perhaps you would like to take a night to think over it."

"Please tell him never to speak of such a thing again," said she, arbitrarily, and then as if taking for granted that the matter was disposed of, she jumped up, and ran away to extricate Flo, who was caught in a net of boughs growing low, and brushwood thickly interlaced, and was struggling vigorously to free herself; screaming out now and then, as she received an occasional scratch on her face or hands. Evelyn had to stay to laugh at the predicament she was in, before she attempted to help her; but Flo with a mighty effort, dashed through, and was off again with the untiring zest of a child on some fresh pursuit. Before she recovered from her merriment, she



looked half tempted to join her, but was called back by Arthur, whose eyes had followed her movements; and she came and stood before him, prepared to take flight if he brought down that subject again. He said this, and smiled.

“Sit down, I have more to say to you.”

“Is it about that?”

“Yes, it is not a matter to be disposed of in a moment. Don’t you think you could like him?”

“Oh, yes, very well.”

He started from his recumbent posture, and looked at her searchingly.

“Do you care about him?”

“Care about him? Oh, such a question! Shall we return?” and she pointed to the boat.

He sprang to his feet, and laid his hand on her arm, as she was about to go to it.

“I want to understand you about this. Charles believes himself very much in love with you; and although I think him a little hasty in his proposal, he deserves some consideration at least, and you are treating him very cavalierly. You are too young to see the importance of his offer, and, I suppose I ought to tell you all the advantages of it; but I won’t, for I know what use that would be. I will say this much, however,—most ladies would think twice before rejecting him. If you have any liking for my cousin, I should recommend you to accept him. Answer me that, Evelyn; do you really care for him?”

“No,” she replied, with her eyes downcast.

Again he gave her that piercing glance.

“How are you so sure about it,” he asked, in a low tone, which, simple as the words were, caused her to start and colour. “Perhaps I have taken you by surprise, and you have not had time to know your own mind. Should you like to wait until to-morrow to answer me?”

“It would be no use. I’ll never marry Lord Charles Thalberg.”

“But why? do you dislike him?”

“No, indeed. I like him very well, but, I suppose, not well enough to marry him. At least I would a great deal rather stay with Lady Elizabeth. The amount of liking I have for him is very poor indeed in comparison to the love I have for her, and so I would rather stay with her. If this is not reason enough, I can only say that I don’t like to get married, and won’t. I know I oughtn’t to have laughed, and I am very much obliged to him; but, please, tell him to put it out of his head—that is, if he is *really* in earnest—that it cannot be. Such a change as that I could never think of. I don’t know why he should go fancying such things.”

"You cannot prevent people falling in love with you. That is a natural consequence, and you must not find fault with them for doing so either. I don't wonder at Charles in the least, although I think he might have taken a little more time to consider about his proposal, especially as regards a girl of your age. I could have sworn what your answer would be. There is another question I would ask if I dared," said Arthur Levison, a peculiar light flashing from his eyes, and coming nearer to her. "I would—but no, what business have I?" he added bitterly. "Your pure young heart must not be sifted by me. If I were to hear that which would fill me with mad joy at the present moment, it would only be the cause of unhappiness hereafter; and besides, what right have I to hope for such a thing? A few years hence you will bestow your regards on some lucky fellow. Eh, Evelyn! And you will come to your guardian to ask his leave to bestow your hand, too." In spite of his resolution, he was looking eagerly into her face, as if hoping she would repel the idea. But she did not. She was toying with the button of her glove, her eyes downcast, and half her face shaded by a becoming little hat, so that he could not read its expression; but when he paused, she replied, in a tolerably careless tone—

"I don't know. I hope it's a long time off, at least. I have no wish for a change." Then, with a demure smile, "Perhaps I may not have to ask your leave. If I were twenty-one, you know!"

"But that is more than four years off yet; so for four years you will be under authority. I am afraid you are rather ignorant of what is due to a guardian. He has an almost paternal claim, you must know, and your behaviour has sometimes not been particularly dutiful. What happened over there, for instance?"

She glanced up, irresistible laughter in her eyes, a saucy, coquettish smile curling the little mouth, her whole face replete with merriment and defiance. A very pretty picture! as the gentleman was not without perceiving. But there was something in his eyes which sent her down again very quickly. The blood rushed into her face, and she turned away hastily, and went towards the boat. It was only a few yards away, and when she reached it she stepped in before he could help her.

"That little girl is not in sight now," said he, following her and standing at the water's edge. "And I suppose that we must not leave her behind. And here is Thalberg, by George, and Jennie, and Sir Ross Chabaine."

"Oh, please, let us go away at once; they are coming here. Oh, where can Flo be? I should like to return to Manor Melleray as soon as I can, Mr. Levison; and indeed I won't come here any more."



“Why so? because he proposed for you. I’ll tell him you won’t have him, and there’s an end of it; and there is no need to make a recluse of yourself. He has not spoken to any of his family about it, so he told me; and, indeed, I guess my uncle would not be greatly rejoiced to hear of Charles’s matrimonial projects, if he comes to hear of it. I shall be happy to tell him you have rejected his son’s offer; and if you wish, I’ll tell Charles not to speak to yourself.”

“Oh do, please; it was that I was thinking of. And now here is Florry. Goodness me, look at the heap of flowers, and branches, and fern she has! I wish she would come quick and let us get off! but, oh dear, there is no chance now! Mr. Levison, I should like to—to—

“Well?” said he, with an amused look, and then she leaned forward,—for the other boat was quite near, but at that moment hidden by a point of the island thickly grown with wild fern and fox-glove, and snapdragon, and innumerable other plants, the umbrageous branches of the trees dipping into the water,—and Mr. Levison seeing that it was to be something particular, stooped to hear what she had to say.

“I should like to return to Manor Melleray, if you please, as soon as we can get away from them,” pointing to the direction of the approaching party. “And, please,” she added, laughingly, “take him away with you until I shall make my escape.”

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## OUR LITURGY

## REVISION, OR NO REVISION?

THAT any proposal to revise the Prayer-Book should be popular all at once is not a thing to be expected. No: nor is it even a thing to be desired. Too much readiness to accept Liturgical revision would argue that the book had little hold over the affections of Churchmen. This would drive us to one conclusion out of two. Either the Liturgy merited such loss of attachment, or it did not. If it did, Reconstruction, and not Reform—Abolition, and not Revision—would be the course approving itself to the heart of every faithful man. But if the fault existed only in the minds of the dissatisfied—(they forming the great bulk of Churchmen)—how hopeless to look for any good from entrusting so sacred an enterprise to so evil and perverse a generation!

Therefore, any one who comes forward as a Liturgical reformer has no right to complain, or even to regret, if he waits long for any favourable hearing. We purpose to deal with general matters first, and with particulars afterwards. We should be manifestly wasting time in urging that (in one or another thing) the Liturgy needs altering, unless we touched first upon these two questions—Is it wise to meddle with our Prayer-Book at all? And, granting the wisdom of such a course, by what available machinery could such a purpose be accomplished?

Are there not very strong reasons for letting the thing alone?

We are reminded that, allowing it to have some defects, the Prayer-Book has proved a bond of union and a means of grace to some six or seven generations of Churchmen; that—dating from its last revision—it is just entering upon the third century of its existence. A book, it is argued, that has won the affection of multitudes in so many ages—a book which was equally dear to Thomas Ken and Charles Simeon—a book in which the most opposing schools of religious thought have found that their agreement was greater than their differences—a book that has triumphed over the chances and changes of two hundred years, and remains unaltered amongst altered things—a book thus tested and tried is no *corpus vile* for even the most reverent and careful experiment. It implies no very extravagant respect for our ancestors, to argue that the prestige of two centuries is not lightly or hastily to be surrendered.

Now, it surely behoves us, whenever we are dealing with our ancestors and their doings, to consider what opinion those ancestors entertained of themselves. Apparently, our forefathers, when they arranged our church system as it stands, had no such confidence in



its abstract goodness, as is put forth on their behalf by men of a later generation. To restrict ourselves to the very latest arrangement:—The divines of the Restoration did not rise up from their labours assured that they had stopped the mouths of all their adversaries. They had no desire whatever to see their work tried and proved in argument. They did not arrange congresses for discussing how best to draw the dissenting or the unbelieving to church. They put forth no popular treatises to prove the excellence of the Liturgy they had finally arranged. They issued no gentle appeals to soften away the obstinacy of prejudiced Puritans. We would not be understood as speaking with any contempt of these—the weapons of the nineteenth-century Churchman. We augur great good from them, although scarcely all the good which their promoters expect. We would only say that they were very little to the taste of those by whom the Liturgy that now is was imposed upon us. One grand panacea occupied, in their thoughts, the room of all those multiplied expedients with which we are now endeavouring to rouse indifference and allay hostility to our Church. That great remedy was just—an Act of Parliament. So little confident were Charles the Second's divines of commending their work to each devout conscience, that they would have deemed themselves mocked by the State, unless it were prepared to imprison all who dared to dissent, in word or in action, from the system thus formed and adopted.

Imprisonment (we may remark in passing) meant a great deal more in that day than in ours. John Howard was not then born. Therefore, "the arm of flesh," so sincerely deprecated by the most zealous of our day, was the most cherished dependance of that age which gave us, almost at one moment, the Act of Uniformity, the Conventicle Act, and the Prayer-Book as it stands now.

Still—it may be said—the Prayer-Book has outlived the age of intolerance, and survived very far into the age of tolerance. It has proved itself to possess a moral power which even its own compilers did not venture to claim for it. It has abode unaltered, and (on the whole) uncomplained of. Once alter it now, and might it not cease to be that neutral territory of peace for Churchmen, which, by God's blessing, it long has been? Would it not, almost certainly, be the ever-open battle-field of contending Church parties?

Now, we think that such reasoning assumes too much. It is based upon facts which look more substantial than they are. We are reminded that the Liturgy has continued (as we have it) for just two hundred years. This is true, as regards any formal and authoritative revision. In regard of *usage*, it is very contrary to the truth. A Liturgy may be altered by the omission of what it has hitherto contained, or by the insertion of matter foreign to it before.

Many and various changes of the former sort has our Prayer-book received, and (we think we may add) is receiving still. It would be ridiculous to put the question, whether every clergyman carries out the rubric as it stands. Such exact conformity is, we are persuaded, not even attempted by one. There are, as all know, very different degrees of such laxity. But all the clergy (we should be curious to know the exceptions, if they exist)—all the clergy have come short of the law which, we are still told, it is culpable to think of changing. How many say the Daily Prayer? How many ever read, as it stands, the office for the Visitation of the Sick? How many catechise after the Second Lesson at Evening Prayer? How many, in the week before communion, inquire who intend partaking? To come to details, how many, inviting to the communion, read more than just the first sentence of the invitation? There is a special form when persons are negligent in coming. It is very rarely used. Is it, alas! that the evil it was to remedy has become itself a rarity? In how many churches will you hear the minister give out the Saints' Days to be observed in the week following? or rather, in how many churches is any opportunity given of observing them? Is not baptism, and (less excusably) the churching of women, very frequently celebrated in the absence, and not in the presence, of the ordinary congregation? Is not the office of sponsors often practically abolished, when godfathers and godmothers only repeat what is dictated to them by the clergyman or the clerk? In brief—does a clergyman ever “take duty” in a strange church, without asking how, in that particular church, this detail or that is performed?

*Paulo majora canamus*: Do the bishops, in Confirmation, say the appointed prayer over each confirmed person? Some of them (we are glad to hear it), have begun to do so; but it has not been the practice hitherto. We express no general opinion as to the right or wrong of all such deviations from the rubric—some we regret, others we think wise—but, either way, their existence and frequency establish our proposition. The Act of Uniformity has outlived actual uniformity. But although our Liturgy has suffered, or benefited (as opinions may differ), from certain tacit omissions, we may be told that it has been kept from every *positive* alteration. This is nearer to the truth, but it is not the truth itself. The horrible doggrels of Tate and Brady (we refuse to recognise the heavenly Psalms of David in such couplets), were, until very recently, bound up in our Church Prayer-Books; and not only popular belief, but authorities that should have soared above all popular delusions, regarded them as stamped by Church authority.

It is not the smallest merit of the earlier Evangelicals that they brought Christian hymns into common use. It is too little known



with what suspicion and opposition the change was encountered. But, of course, both hymns and psalms form a supplement to the Prayer-Book, for which the permission of an anthem after the Third Collect only is no adequate authority.

Every time that some national calamity calls to united prayer, we tacitly acknowledge that our Liturgy is capable of improvement: special prayers are demanded, and, by royal authority, are set forth. Not many months ago the cholera was amongst us. We are provided with a very suitable "Prayer in Time of any Common Plague or Sickness." But we had strange evidence that the general contentment with our Liturgy is greater in fancy than in fact. We must assume that the long, rambling prayer then issued was demanded by general opinion. We will concede that, as far as it goes, it is not encouraging to the advocates of Liturgical change.

We have noticed, amongst negative changes, the almost universal disuse of catechising. We need not say that the rubric holds no hint of the thing as generally adopted in its place—the afternoon or evening sermon. So, as usage has fallen short of the rubric in some matters, in other matters it has gone beyond it. The Prayer-Book is altered already. We may be answered that these changes, negative and positive, amount to no very startling thing, after all; that they touch not the Liturgy in its essential qualities. To which we reply, Neither do we desire, neither do we seek, that any vital alteration shall ever be made. The changes which we would effect by rightful authority are hardly greater than such as have been introduced already, with no authority at all.

But we have written in mere wanton mockery, if it be truly said that there exists no power by which the task could be reasonably taken in hand. It is a barbarous insult to talk of the benefits of active exercise to a man that is a hopeless cripple. And if there be no hope of entrusting Liturgical reform to any council which both Church and nation would accept, why, indeed, it is but spiteful folly to point out how very desirable were such a thing. We shall accordingly proceed at once to this question—not, we believe, so hopeless a one as it is often made to appear; and then we will venture to suggest a few matters in which change is to be desired. Moreover, we shall state certain appearances which, we think, urge us not to be tardy in looking this enterprise in the face.

"Admitting, therefore, that Liturgical reform would be no such novelty in effect; conceding that many deviations from the rubric have established themselves already; allowing that you only seek to sanction some such changes as have obtained a footing without any sanction at all—to whom could you think of entrusting the task of revision?"

With this very question we now stand face to face. It will be

agreed by all—certainly by all who are likely to influence the decision in any degree—that the leading, if not exclusive share in the enterprise will be both claimed and enjoyed by the clergy. As little will it be disputed that in any revision the different parties in the Church must co-operate, We will even say that we believe neither section of our clergy would undertake the question of revising the Prayer-Book unless they were joined by the other. A few furious partisans there are on either side who would rejoice in making their opponents' continuance in the Church an impossible thing. But they are even a smaller minority than they look. The overwhelming majority of our clergy understand and acknowledge that the Church of England must be *comprehensive*. We shall be reminded how much party-spirit exists in the Church already ; we shall be warned how surely a gathering of Churchmen opposed in sentiment would rouse that spirit in its utmost bitterness. Such an assembly would, if required to be unanimous, do nothing. If all depended on the decision of a majority, we must be prepared for the secession of all who agreed with the minority. Now, we think that our objectors who insist upon the prevalence of party-feeling, carry the argument a little too far for their own sakes. Uniformity by Act of Parliament has not, it seems, prevented mutual opposition and disagreement. It has proved possible for clergymen subscribing to the same Articles, and conforming to the same Liturgy, to stand confronting each other with looks of suspicion and revulsion. And this lurking schism (we are often told) would issue in an utter disruption if the differing parties were brought together to discuss the Prayer-Book. Now, we admit the premises, but deny the conclusion. We allow that undue partisanship does prevail amongst our brethren. But we do not allow that it would be aggravated by their meeting together in serious discussion. We affirm that recent experience entitles us to a very different conclusion. We were told that if Convocation ever became aught besides a form, the disruption of the Church was the inevitable consequence. The revived debates of that assembly may not have issued in much ; but they have proved that High Churchmen and Low Churchmen can meet and speak in reasonable harmony.

(By the way, Convocation has practically conceded the question of revision, in the very excellent Harvest Service, which (we would hope) will yet receive the sanction of the Crown.)

A yet bolder experiment was the summoning of Church Congresses, year by year. Has party-spirit gained strength from such gatherings, and shakings together of distinct theological schools ? Is it not certain that much of mutual distrust has thereby been smoothed away ? Most cheering is the thought, how much of our mutual diffidence proceeds from our mutual ignorance ; that



those who have the most knowledge of the world, are likely to be the most charitable in their judgments. Any effort demanding the personal intercourse of clergy differing in their opinions will (we are entitled to say so) tend to soften, and not to sharpen, the points which divide them. Allow them only to see each other as portrayed in the religious newspapers, and you shut them up in hopeless disunion. Therefore we see no such *reductio ad absurdum*, as, in the minds of many, is involved in a committee of clergy revising our (in practice) already revised Prayer-Book.

But we have still to point out some positive reasons for urging any change. This we will now proceed to do.

The opponents of all reform in this matter would fix us in the following dilemma :—

“If you desire a radical and sweeping change in the Prayer-Book, you invite us to a contest, which, ending in your favour, would assuredly rend the Church into fragments. If you plead that the proposed alterations would involve no vital matters, why, then you are wasting on secondary matters the energy much needed for other and greater things.”

We have given our reasons for believing that the Congress of Parties, without which nothing could be done, would promote union rather than dissension. We will indicate what we would have done, and readers may judge whether union among Churchmen would be rather endangered or promoted thereby.

Our Prayer-Book is not only a book of prayers. It prescribes a certain course of reading from the Old Testament, throughout the Sundays of the Christian year. The reticence on peculiar topics insisted on by modern feeling, justifies us in asserting that (for our age) one or two of the lessons from Genesis are not very fitly chosen. That the twenty-second chapter of Genesis should be *twice* read within only *six weeks*, would be more intelligible were the ancient Scriptures less abundant in doctrine and instruction. That the Lesson chosen for Easter morning would have been more suitable to Good Friday,—is likely to have struck others besides ourselves. Moreover, there are obvious reasons for ordering very brief lessons on the great Festivals of the year. The shortness of the four lessons for Christmas Day, entitles us to assert that such brevity would involve no slight upon those holy days. In a general way, we desire to see the lessons made shorter. That the compilers of our Prayer-Book were no slaves to the chapter-divisions, they have shewn in that they frequently apportion the lessons independently of them. But they might have done well in disregarding the chapter limits rather more. A short, *unique* passage of Scripture, is more likely to answer the ends proposed by reading the Bible aloud, than a long and varied series of passages.

The matter of brevity, of course, affects the selections from the New Testament, as well as those from the Old. It would really appear as if those who had arranged this matter had a mind to make the Table of Lessons a parable. For they vary almost as the days of our years : ranging, in their number of verses, from half-a-dozen up to fourscore. We should be inclined to give Proper Lessons, *second* as well as *first*, to *every* Sunday. In any way, the possible coincidence of the Second Lesson with the Gospel for the day should be more surely guarded against. And the directions given in case of any canticle occurring, the Psalms for the day support us in saying that the spirit of our Prayer-Book is contrary to such repetitions.

The infrequency of Daily Service (of which a word presently) keeps out of notice the question whether or no the Apocrypha should be retained. We cannot consent to comprehend under one sentence a mass of writings so greatly varying in quality. We should say, "If we must part with all or none, let all go." Yet we think that a discriminating reformer might spare us such portions as the lessons out of Wisdom for *All Saints' Day*, or those out of Ecclesiasticus for the *Feast of Annunciation*. We might have added, the constant omission of the Apocrypha on Wednesday Evening Services in October and November, as one more instance of tolerated non-conformity in our Church.

Akin to the matter of Lessons, is that of the Psalms. Not to lose ourselves in details, we will express a wish that, if Proper Psalms are not to be provided for every Sunday, we may be delivered from such incongruities as penitential Psalms for Festivals, and jubilant Psalms for the Holy Week, a thing possible to us at any time. We will note one or two consequences of not having proper psalms for each Sunday.

Except in Leap years the months of February and March commence on the same day of the week. Therefore, on the *first four* Sundays of March (for the month *may* contain five), we have over again the identical Psalms which we had upon the four Sundays in February. In every Leap-year, the three months, January, April, and July, all commence the same day of the week. In this year, 1867, we shall have the psalms for the third, tenth, seventeenth, and twenty-fourth days occur three distinct times on Sundays; while the psalms for the *ninth* day, through the intervention of Whit Sunday, occur not once all this year.

That we wish for greater brevity and greater variety in our service, we have signified already. To attain the former would, of itself, ensure us a measure of the latter. But why should not our Prayer-Book be yet more freely enriched from the liturgical treasures of both East and West? We have but one Litany. And



large portions of our Morning and Evening Services are, word for word, the same.

An earnest but not (as yet) influential party, is urging us to effect a union with the two great sections of the Catholic Church. The readiest "Eirenicon" would consist in a larger adoption by us of those things which they have kept unspotted by corrupt inventions. It would be a pledge, that if there had been a time in which we were proud of our isolation, at present we only regretted that a full communion with other churches was forbidden by a duty which we dared not set aside. Moreover, there would be nothing in this to alarm the most sensitive and suspicious of Protestants. The reproach that our Prayer-Book is but an extract from the Missal, &c., may possibly be still a favourite topic amongst the more ignorant of the Dissenters; but we cannot imagine any Churchman arguing, from the corruptions of Rome, against our adopting the things that she has not corrupted. Nay, rather, the more we are content to take from her, or (to speak more correctly) *through* her, the more emphatic our protest in the things wherein we must refuse to partake with her. That we *might* enrich our Prayer-Book more largely from those ancient sources, let any one who has access to Roman manuals of devotion freely satisfy himself. In urging the too great repetition as a fault in our present arrangements, there is one topic which we may not omit, yet it is a matter to which we are bound to draw near with the deepest reverence. We are alluding to the frequent occurrence of the Lord's Prayer. Even when there is no communion, and when the practice of using it before the sermon has been laid aside, the prayer is repeated *four times* in our Sunday morning service. We are aware that with many devout men and women, this is more than a matter of church order. They deem the constant employment of it a matter of Divine command. Far from us be the thought of wantonly wounding them; but the Lord's Prayer itself is not more surely of the Lord's own appointment, than is the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. And if (as Protestants) we are constrained to admit that superstition has distorted *that* ordinance, it need be no irreverence to question, whether there be not something superstitious in the traditional repetition of that prayer.

In a matter where it is so painful to be misunderstood, we would guard in every way against misunderstanding. Not that we expect to be contradicted when we affirm that the Lord's Prayer has been superstitiously employed. A very slight acquaintance with the kinds and degress of mediæval and modern superstitions will establish the fact beyond a doubt. Very appositely there comes to our remembrance a passage in one of Dr. Newman's published sermons, preached and printed long before his secession to Rome:—"No

wonder," he says, "that Christians in former ages considered that the mere repetition of the words of the Lord's Prayer was beneficial in itself."

[We vouch for the sense of the passage, although not for the very words.]

We must give a passing tribute to Dr. Newman's admirable way of hinting what he will not assert. But we cannot doubt that there floats in many devout minds a vague idea that a charm resides in the very words. There are churches—we cannot undertake to say how many—in which the congregation have been accustomed to rise and stand should the Prayer occur in the second lesson for the day, a practice which might plead some propriety, only that no such deference was ever given to the Lord's other sayings; and who shall venture to single out this as being sacred above the rest?

Is there any evidence that when the Lord thus "taught His disciples to pray," He ordained that His Church should never engage in public worship without (once at least) rehearsing these very words? Many good and wise men believe that He so intended. Let us look at the simple facts. The prayer was taught them when, as we are expressly told, "the Holy Ghost was not yet given," when their state of knowledge was—enlightened, indeed, as compared with that of the Scribes and Pharisees—but thick darkness itself in comparison with the brightness into which the great day of Pentecost was to bring them. It might be too much to argue, from the absence of any allusion in the Acts, and in the Epistles, that the disciples had learnt to consider this prayer as only suitable to their former half-enlightened state.

Yet the prayer which Jesus taught should not be made an occasion for forgetting the other and greater things which He afterwards taught. Whenever employed, it should conclude with the words,—“through Jesus Christ our Lord.” To argue against the justice of so adding to it, would involve us in an actual heresy. It were to proclaim, that we receive no witness of our Blessed Lord save such as He bore of Himself in the days of His earthly pilgrimage. It is singular, indeed, that the Socinian errors, to which this dogma would expose us, should receive such unconscious support from the liturgical traditions of the Church.

We have dwelt lengthily upon this matter, seeing that the danger of trusting in a form is by no means diminished when the form is of Divine sanction. But we are aware that we shall hardly escape suspicion of the very sentiments against which we would most sedulously guard. We have not time for entering one by one, upon every matter in which monotony might be avoided. Perhaps—(we are now assuming that nobody goes to church except on Sundays)—perhaps the opening exhortation, in its now antiquated



phraseology, has contracted an air of formality, making its continued use unadvisable. Perhaps some alternative for the ninety-fifth Psalm might be allowed on other days besides Easter-day. At all events, we might hope to drop the exhortation given at the time of communion; better suited as it is to scare away the timid penitent than to frown back the hardened transgressor. Indeed, the all but universal backwardness to attend the Holy Table should protect the advocates of Liturgical revision from indiscriminate condemnation.

Something connected with our Prayer-Book or not, influences the great bulk of Churchmen unfavourably in this respect. The idea has deeply rooted itself in their minds, that while there is a deadly danger in receiving unworthily, it is perfectly safe to decline receiving at all. Although they never put themselves in the way of hearing the exhortation alluded to, they feel its discouraging influence; and find in it support for their idea, that none save the all-but-sinless can safely attend the Lord's Table.

We, of course, are far from saying that such deplorable effects were contemplated by those who appointed such an exhortation as this. Nor would we palliate the sin and peril of approaching the Table thoughtlessly or unworthily. Only, a too great readiness to approach it is not the prevailing error of our own day; so, at least, we think every observing Churchman will allow.

We have hitherto been dealing exclusively with the Sunday services. But if the cherished desire of so many hearts is to be fulfilled, if any large proportion of our people are to be found worshipping *daily*, there is less question than ever that we must have shorter services than our Rubric permits to us at present. With fresh importations from the ancient Liturgies of the Church, and with a suitable partition of our own, we might readily arrange a distinct service for every morning and evening of the week. So much for the Daily Service.

A few observations on what are commonly called our Occasional Services we will tender, in hope of an indulgent hearing. A shortening of the Baptismal Service would render it a much more easy matter to introduce in presence of the congregation, instead of waiting (as is so often done) until all are gone, save those immediately concerned. By giving the minister the choice out of the several prescribed prayers, instead of enforcing them all, and by striking off one or two of the addresses therein, you might attain the required brevity. One other alteration we confess we should desire. We could never understand why the Service appears so utterly to ignore the parents of the child. We do not find fault with the prominence given to the godfathers and godmothers, but only with the total silence in which the father and mother of the child are passed over. The Rubric, which prescribes that baptism shall not (with-

out good cause) be delayed over the first or second Sunday after birth—that Rubric may a little diminish the wonder. For, if strictly observed, it would, of course, occasion the constant absence of one of the parents. But we think we are entitled to condemn the omission as a very serious one. Parents are far too prone already to throw off the whole responsibility of training their children. Let the Church, at all events, be clear of seeming to give them any encouragement thereto.

The remarks we made as to certain difficulties in reading the Old Testament, we may, with greater freedom, apply to our Marriage Service; and, at the risk of being greatly misunderstood, we will say that we should like to encourage people to plight their troth in their own houses. We earnestly protest against any desire of making marriages less religious than they are. We are actuated by the very contrary reason. We firmly believe that the going to church promotes the desecration, rather than the hallowing of Christian marriages. The lavish gaiety which has now become the fashion is chargeable with much of the mischief; and no one can ever have attended a wedding without noticing how grossly irreverent a demeanour is adopted by such as come to be spectators. The words of the service, assuming, as they do, that all present are joining in it, become a heartless mockery to all not directly interested in it. Why, indeed, should a number of indevout starers be obtruded on a Christian bride and bridegroom? In place of the church hallowing the marriage, the marriage has too often the effect of desecrating the church. Let us hasten to say that we desire no serious change in the *order* of weddings. We have indicated the changes which might be made in the Marriage Service. Perhaps a *very* fastidious critic might suggest an inconsistency, whereas the state of matrimony is at once described as being “a remedy against sin,” and as “instituted in the time of man’s innocence.” But we would not multiply objections.

In all which has gone before, however we may have failed to convince others—in one thing we sincerely hope we have succeeded, we have kept clear of controversial matters; we have raised no questions, we trust, which are likely to rouse into action the opposing sentiments of Church parties. We are sanguine enough to believe that Liturgical revision—chiefly deprecated from fear of disunion—might even prove a means of attaching together the varying schools of ecclesiastical opinion.

We commend these remarks, in full acknowledgment of their imperfect character, “to all whom they may concern.”

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O. M. R.



## GERMAN GAMBLING HOUSES

SOME time ago the leading journal took occasion of the proposed withdrawal of the gambling licence at Wiesbaden to read us a homily on the wisdom of such a step. Since then, the closing of the gambling rooms at Baden Baden has been passed by a resolution of the Chambers at Carlsruhe; and there is reason to anticipate that, within a few years, Hombourg will be the only Pandemonium left in Germany. Under these circumstances, I may be, perhaps, permitted to give a short account of a tour that I made, four summers since, to the more notable of the watering-places to which the vice still adheres. How my visit came about was this: I had got from Paris to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on my way to Berlin, and dined at the excellent five o'clock table-d'hôte of the Hotel de Russie. In my immediate vicinity were seated several members of the various embassies; and the entire conversation turned on a certain Signor Garcia, a Spaniard, who had just returned to Hombourg, where he was winning fabulous sums. In the last season he won a million-and-a-half of francs, and it seemed as if luck were about to favour him once again. The most varying remarks were made about his manner of play. An important political question could not have been discussed more seriously than Signor Garcia's system; the sums he had hitherto won; and the probability whether he played with judgment or with sheer luck. The gentlemen at last entered into mathematical calculations as to the best mode of winning. The dinner was over; the coffee was handed round; and when I retired, I left the diplomatists still engaged in the solution of this highly interesting problem.

At the theatre it was just the same. When I went into the saloon, people were talking about Hombourg, Wiesbaden, and M. Garcia. I sought shelter in the street. Opposite the theatre is a coffee-house, where I ordered an ice, and took up the *Intelligenz-Blatt* of the Free City of Frankfort. The first local news on which my eye fell related to Hombourg and Garcia. The next paper to me was the French *Figaro*. The leading article was a letter of M. de Villemessant, about the German hells, Garcia, and other gamblers. All the Frankfort papers were also filled with announcements of balls, concerts, festivals at the gambling saloons, and the advantages which this bank or that afforded. The system of seduction was so thoroughly organised that I resolved to examine it at the fountain head. It was not the first time that I had visited these places, but I had only passed a few days at each of them. As I had nothing to do during my holiday, I resolved to visit these

gambling places, and make a regular examination of them, so that I might drink to the dregs the cup of enjoyment they offered me.

I went first to Hombourg, a place which of itself, that is to say, as a country residence, does not offer the slightest attraction. It consists of one long street; each house is either a hostelry or an *hotel garni*; not one—I am speaking literally—was inhabited by its proprietor alone. Behind the “Curhaus” a few new houses have been built, forming the commencement of a handsome street. Towards the end of the main street are several side lanes, inhabited by artisans and small tradesmen; these lead to the Landgrave’s Palace, whose monotonous garden, rarely visited by strangers, is the sole promenade in the neighbourhood; all the rest are at such a distance that they require a lengthened excursion. The whole social life of Hombourg is, therefore, concentrated on the Curhaus, and this is built and decorated with a splendour which would have ruined a dozen Landgraves of Hesse, had they tried to erect it at their own expense.

I may pass over the large and small saloons, the reading-room, restauration and café, and come straight to the observations I made at the most important spot. There were two *trente et quarante*, and two roulette tables at work; and all so full, that the players found difficulty in getting up to them, not to mention spectators. All round stood liveried footmen, who measured every arrival with a searching glance: they must have seen at once that I had no sovereigns to lose; for they took hardly any notice of me, while they hurried to receive hat and stick from other gentlemen who came in with me. A number of ladies, whose exterior was more striking than beautiful, were walking about. I had seen many of them in Paris, at public balls and gardens, where they played a much more subordinate rôle than the one they held here: at Hombourg, however, they were most elegantly dressed, and several of them were escorted by young gentlemen, who, of course, played high. One of the latter I had met at Paris, and so I asked him to point out M. Garcia to me. “The great man has not yet come,” he replied, “but he will arrive in half-an-hour, and you can easily recognise him, as he sits opposite the *tailleur*, and always plays the highest stake of 12,000 francs. In the meanwhile, I will invite your attention to another interesting player, who has just arrived with his escort.” I looked in the indicated direction, and I saw a group most peculiar in its way. In front came a young man of about eight-and-twenty, with a very youthful, almost innocent-looking, girl; they held each other by the hand, and soared along like a young married couple rambling about their own garden; immediately behind them came two men, whose faces displayed an unmistakeable family likeness to that of the girl; while the party



was completed by a little fellow, with a marked Oriental countenance, and a tall, light-haired man, who might have been taken for an Englishman. The leader of the lady was a Vicomte de L——, who wished to try an infallible system with the last-named man, a baron, whose name has slipped me. Both were Belgians; both belonged to the richest and first families of the country; but, owing to their mode of life, they had been laid under a species of ban, and were only allowed to receive a portion of their revenue. The girl was the daughter of a barber, in a small provincial town; the two men, close behind her, were her father and brother; while the little Oriental acted as secretary to the gentlemen.

Of the whole party, the light-haired man alone had a respectable appearance. The vicomte not only looked seedy and wretched, but his entire exterior led to the supposition that he belonged to any rather than the higher classes. His dress was in such a neglected condition, that a common artisan would be ashamed to appear with his sweetheart in public in such a state; and any respectable girl would have been ashamed to accept his escort. His shirt front was dirty, the cuffs were ragged, and almost black; and his hands and nails seemed not to have come in contact with a brush for several days. As for his lady companion, she seemed exactly suited to him; her hands were quite as innocent of soap as the vicomte's; her hair could hardly be called combed; and in one sleeve of her still new silk cloak I noticed a rather large hole, evidently burned, and to which I call the reader's attention, because I shall have to refer to it again. The father of this unhappy young creature, whose youth and beauty would have deserved a better fate, had one of the most marked rogue's faces I ever saw; and, though I took some trouble to convince myself that I was prejudiced, and that the man would appear quite different elsewhere, I could not remove the unpleasant feeling his look and conduct produced on me. His son remained quite passive, and seemed the only one who at all felt the humiliation of his sister.

The two gentlemen and the lady went to the gambling table, and began by staking a sum which would have kept a respectable family for a twelvemonth. They were remarkably favoured by fortune, and in a short time won some fifteen hundred pounds. I was informed that they had been playing with the same good luck for several days; and I must also ask the reader to bear this fact in mind, as I shall introduce him to the party again. As the lion of the day, M. Garcia, had not appeared, I walked up to one of the roulette tables where smaller stakes were hazarded. Nearly every gambler had a coloured paper lying before him, or an infallible system, in accordance with which he played. One had a small machine, representing a miniature barrel-organ, the handle of which

he turned, thrust a pin several times into the table of figures inside it, and whispered to his companion what he should back. During the five days I was at Hombourg, I saw several of the infallible gentry lose their last farthing. Others only staked on the numbers, and, owing to the mass of gamblers, some of whom backed the same number, disputes pretty frequently occurred as to the ownership, which were carried on in language that would not be tolerated in a pot-house. At Hombourg, the elegant, however, which announces its splendour and comfort in all the papers, such occurrences are ignored. If the quarrellers have any money left, the croupiers look on for awhile, then repeat their parrot cry of "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu !*" and generally attention is at once riveted on the rolling ball.

I was on the point of trying my luck, when suddenly there was excitement in the room, and many persons rushed to a *trènte et quarante* table. I heard on all sides the words, "*Voici Garcia !*" and I hurried to have a good look at the great man. I had expected to find something interesting in the appearance of the lucky gambler, for wild passions generally impart a peculiar character to the face; but M. Garcia was exactly like the other gamblers. He was dressed like a *parvenu*; he wore an embroidered shirt, and wherever diamonds could be carried he had them—on his fingers, his watch-chain, and as studs—I even noticed a small diamond cross on his coat, which I at first supposed to be an order, but afterwards discovered to be merely ornamental. He was followed by as large a suite as the Belgian gamblers had been, and regularly staked 12,000 francs. He retained his calmness so long as he was gaining, but when towards the end he lost his winnings, he became very violent, and coarse; he jumped up, pushed back his chair furiously among the spectators, and ran off. At the table I picked up a French gentleman, who had for many years been a Consul in South America, and had enjoyed life so thoroughly that gambling alone offered him any excitement. He spent a portion of the year at watering-places, mainly at Baden, bringing a certain sum of money with him, which he was sure to lose at the green table, and amusing himself in this way. From him I learned much useful information about Hombourg. The founders of the Cursaal were the Brothers Blanc, one of whom is still living. Before they started in Germany they had gained considerable notoriety in Paris, Nice, Monaco, and other spots where gamblers congregated. They hit on the notion of starting a gambling-houses in the vicinity of Frankfort, and found capitalists ready to back them. The old Landgrave of Hesse was delighted at the thought that his residency, hitherto an insignificant village, would be converted into a fashionable watering-place, and that he would not have to spend a farthing on it, but on the contrary,



put a nice annual sum into his pocket ; he therefore gave his consent, and about twenty years ago Hombourg began to flourish in a manner that obscured all the other German watering-places, with the exception of Baden.

The Brothers Blanc were the only gambling-house keepers of the day, who understood the art of setting all the snares to attract customers. They had studied at Frascati's, and here proposed changes which did all honour to their inventive faculty, and produced a great success. They first introduced the half *refait*, which concession drew all the "players upon a system" to Hombourg. They were the very first to give concerts, the performers at which were paid, instead of appearing at their own risk ; and I need hardly say, that the class of ladies whom loungers and men of fashion affect, met with a most hearty reception. Hombourg's great progress, however, dates from 1848. The German Parliament decreed the suppression of gambling-houses, and the one at Hombourg was closed in the presence of troops. The shareholders considered themselves ruined ; but the talented Blanc turned the affair to his own profit. He foresaw that the decrees of the German Congress would have no permanent effect, and uttered the memorable words, " My Bank will last longer than your Parliament." Hence he bought up nearly all the shares at a low price, and his words came true. When the great speeches were forgotten, the bank was quietly opened again, and succeeded better than had been anticipated. Some high-born members of the Parliament were the most eager visitors of the gambling-table. When 1849 produced the well-known catastrophes ; when the parliament was dissolved, and the Revolution of Baden rendered the gambling places of that state inaccessible to visitors, Hombourg opened its hospitable halls again, and was more brilliant than ever.

Since the opening of the railways, which encircle Frankfort like a spider's web, the organisation of the Hombourg gambling-houses has been brought to the highest perfection. As the press has become a power in later times—at least in social matters—special attention has been paid it by M. Blanc. It is notorious that the editors of the chief Frankfort papers are all on excellent terms with the Bank ; and the *Independence Belgæ* had a permanent advertisement, occupying a third of a page, in which the very many advantages of Hombourg were enumerated. Even the virtuous *Augsburger Allgemeine* does not condemn the annual sums paid to it by M. Blanc for advertisements. My readers will remember what use he also makes of the English press in the same way. Since Wiesbaden has started up in rivalry, M. Blanc has each winter engaged a French theatrical company, the lady members of which possess a special power of attraction over the young Frankfort bankers. At

Hombourg, as at Baden, the bank directors sedulously engage a number of pretty French *lorettes*, partly to draw rich young men to play, partly to play themselves, when business is flat. At the same time the press is abused in every possible way, and the form the administration employs is so clever, that puffs are smuggled into the most respectable Continental papers, in the shape of travelling sketches, or of *Feuilleton Nouvelles*. A few years ago, a number of French writers were engaged by the Wiesbaden directors, and paid most handsomely for their contributions to the Parisian journals.

After all that modern civilisation afforded had been employed, in order to give Hombourg the greatest possible lustre, the genius of M. Blanc recently drew religion within reach of his speculation. He has built an Anglican church, or, at any rate, supplied the greater portion of the funds for that purpose. In this he follows the example of M. Benazet, of Baden, to whom I shall refer presently. The numerous English who settle in German watering-places, where they can make a show at a cheap rate, will thus be able to perform their religious rites in all comfort. It is strange, though, that these good people do not reflect who it was that built the church for them. And the clergyman! will he not remember, at the very moment when he is praying, "Lead us not into temptation," that the servants of the man who founded the church are crying, "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu?*" Perhaps, though, he acts on the same principle as the Rev. Rowland Hill, when he considered it unfair that the fiend should have all the best tunes.

Hombourg, be it borne in mind, is the only place where gambling goes on all the year round. It is true that in the blessed Electorate of Hesse there is a den called Wildungen, where pigeons are also plucked in winter; but it is very insignificant, and hence Hombourg is the sole gathering-place of those gentry who spend their life in the atmosphere of a gambling-room. The influence of this on the neighbouring towns is most injurious. The gambling mania was recently so deeply rooted among clerks, and so much embezzlement took place, that the Frankfort merchants resolved to engage no clerk who played. The Gymnastic Societies have also passed a resolution to expel any member known to gamble. The newspapers told us, last year, that M. Garcia had again won a million of francs; but, on the other hand, in the one month of January, three persons ended their lives by visits to the gambling-table. The reader will spare me any comment on this. Many persons hope that when the State reverts to Darmstadt the bank will be abolished; but the proprietors of that institution do not seem to have any such apprehension, for they have recently began to rebuild the theatre. M. Blanc may, perhaps, say to himself, "My bank will last longer than Hesse Hombourg," and who knows.



whether he is not right? He has survived and gone through much. His brother is dead; his first partner died in a madhouse, under terrible writhings of conscience; his former director has left him, and taken an engagement at Wiesbaden; and M. Blanc has recently laid before the French government a plan to abolish the national debt of the new Gallic empire. He may be speculating on becoming director-general of the re-established French gambling-houses.

From Hombourg I proceeded to Nauheim, a place which is still growing, and where the inhabitants have not yet learned to regard visitors as so many lemons, that must be squeezed as long as a drop of juice remains. Although the Curhaus is only a temporary building, the gambling is so thoroughly organised as to deserve inspection. This watering-place was founded in 1853. The Elector, whose father was formerly one of the best customers of the Hombourg bank, appears anxious to recover the money lost there, for he allows gambling-houses to be opened in all suitable spots in the Electorate. The chief promoters of the Nauheim undertaking are Frenchmen, and, to judge from the original contract, they must have thought they had a gold-mine; for they not only bound themselves to erect a Curhaus and a Restauration, but also a large palace for the Elector, which will apparently be finished in the same year as the Elector restores the Constitution of 1831, of his own spontaneity. I was assured that at the time when the project was first broached at Cassel, many voices were raised against it. Even Hassenpflug thought it improper to endow a country just free from foreign occupation with a gambling-house instead of reduced taxation. But the sovereign will on one side, and the sovereign gold of the speculators on the other, removed all difficulties, and even Hassenpflug himself was induced to inspect the new institution in the autumn of 1854. Business has hitherto been anything but brilliant, as Hombourg and Wiesbaden absorb too much; but the administration has recently signed a contract with an architect, and does not seem inclined to give up competition. The inhabitants of Nauheim declare that the great pond in the village was expressly made to facilitate suicide, and save any scandal or gunpowder-smoke.

I had promised my French friend, at Hombourg, to meet him on an appointed day at Frankfort, that we might proceed together to Wiesbaden and Baden. Before we started, however, we made an excursion to Wilhelmsbad, which is not a watering-place, but one palatial building, surrounded by a park, the ground floor of which has been converted into gambling-rooms. It was on a Sunday that I visited this place, and I can still recall the shudder which the sight of the poor wretches gambling there produced on me. They were mostly petty tradesmen, clerks, and workmen from neighbouring towns; for the Elector of Hesse does not prohibit his

subjects from playing, and, indeed, several of his officers in uniform were at the *roulette* table. A poor portfolio-maker, from Offenbach, had lost all his week's wages ; and it was so heartrending to hear his own and his respectably-dressed sweetheart's lamentations, that even my companion, *blasé* Frenchman though he was, could not hide his emotion, and made many bitter remarks about some of the institutions of "honest Germany." I will quote one of them as a sample :—" We Frenchmen are a corrupted nation, and think differently, and less scrupulously, on many points than the German; but we may be sure of one fact : if the omnipotent Emperor of the French—the despot, as he is called—re-established gambling houses in Paris, and the scene like the one we have just witnessed took place, the workmen would demolish the den on the same evening, and the Government would be unable to do anything."

The same evening we went to Wiesbaden. Everybody knows, of course, that it is one of the prettiest places in Germany and the efficacy of its waters is conceded even by medical sceptics. Hence I will confine my remarks to the Curhaus, which, as well as the one at Ems, is the property of the state. Up to 1857, both these houses were in the hands of an anonymous society, and were open from May 1 to October 31. In that year, however, some Frankfurt gentlemen started a new company, and got hold of Wiesbaden, by agreeing to pay triple rent ; in return for which, they are allowed to keep the rooms open from April 2 to the end of December. The establishment has been remodelled on the pattern of Hombourg ; the half refait and one zero at *roulette* have been introduced, concerts are given, and the proceeds have been most magnificently laid out ; in a word, the Wiesbaden Curhaus is, externally, as handsome as any in Germany.

The company, whom I had opportunity to observe during my ten days' stay at Wiesbaden, were, especially as regards the ladies, worse than at Hombourg ; it is, in fact, inexplicable how such a confluence of persons—the very scum of society—is tolerated in a city of 15,000 inhabitants, which is the seat of the Government, and where many families, bearing historic names, reside. It is true, as I convinced myself, that there are plenty of *demi monde* at Baden ; but they, at least, are concealed in the crowd, are obliged to behave decently, and disappear when the rooms are closed for the season. But the Wiesbaden Cursaal is domiciliated by this class of creatures for nine months in the year ; they sit at the gambling table, on sofas, and in the dining-rooms ; they form groups, or are under the protection of elder "ladies ;" they very often address lucky players ; and respectable women are compelled to shun an evening walk in the grounds behind the Cursaal. Of course, there are many among them whose demeanour is more



guarded, who have large sums at their disposal, and hence despise the lower tricks of the trade; they associate with rich and great gentlemen, and only come to the rooms by day, and generally in their own carriage. I saw here the notorious Adèle Courtois,\* who, five years ago, and long after her youthful beauty had departed, so entangled an ambassador, that he did not hesitate to drive her in his own carriage along the Champs Elysées; and would have married her in the end, had not a Monsieur Courtois, legitimate husband of the lady, suddenly turned up. Here, too, I saw the young Vicomte, with the pretty girl who had the hole in her mantilla-sleeve: he only played a few times, for he was ruined, and left Wiesbaden, the girl remaining behind—probably to join the ranks of the *Reines de la honte*, as the French so pointedly call them.

Among the most prominent persons I noticed during my stay at Wiesbaden, I may mention the great Garcia, who played with his old luck and vulgarity, and the son of a foreign king. His father was formerly an annual visitor at Wiesbaden, and so notorious a protector of the nymphs of the Cursaal, that his own subjects loudly objurgated his conduct, and many respectable ladies of his country avoided being noticed by him and drawn into his circle. His son and heir walks exactly in the paternal footsteps, and may be seen supping any evening in the worst mixed society. Among his companions was an ex-female friend of his father. She calls herself Vicomtesse de —, but I fancy that her title will not bear inspection. I must not omit to mention that the Duke of Nassau gives the whole rent of the institutions of Wiesbaden and Ems to institutions in the two towns, and hence derives no direct profit from them. This is a proof that the Duke, like the Baden government, must be guided by the conviction that the gambling-houses conduce to the welfare of the towns; perhaps of the state. I will discuss this point presently, and ask the reader to accompany me to Baden-Baden for the nonce.

When you come from Wiesbaden or Hombourg and enter the "Maison de Conversation" at Baden, you can hardly believe for the first moment that you are in a gambling house, for the interior offers a striking contrast with what you have hitherto been accustomed to see. The spacious locale, the numerous rooms in which there is no play, justify the name of the building; and, then, there are only one roulette and one rouge-et-noir table at work. You see no liveried or impudent-looking footmen, who accost every new-comer, and appear to be reckoning up his

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\* This person's name has been so common, especially in French newspapers, that I commit no indiscretion in mentioning it here.

pecuniary means, but respectable black-coated attendants, who move about quietly and decently, and treat every stranger with marked politeness. And then the company! all elegantly dressed people, dancers, dancing-masters, curious travellers, fops, old and young witches—in a word, all that the heart can desire. What taste in the toilette! What grace in the movements! What decency in the behaviour! and at the gambling-table, what nobility in losing money! You hear no quarrelling. You see no professional gamblers. You only hear aristocratic names mentioned, and their bearers are real Viscounts, Counts, and Princes. The ladies of the *demi monde* are the choicest specimens of their kind: a number of private carriages drive up to the Curhaus, from which descend potentates, nearly all of whom have private palaces at Baden. The Strangers' list displays celebrities of every description; from the diplomatic sphere, from the Russian and French Senate; from the Prussian House of Lords and the Austrian Imperial Council; from the French and German artistic and literary world—poets, musicians, painters, journalists, actors and actresses promenade in front of the Conversation House; and we might fairly assume that the proprietor of this splendid establishment only kept it up to receive the *beau monde* in his house, and had merely put up gambling-tables to satisfy the wishes of those great gentlemen who wish to enjoy this pleasure too.

And who could doubt but that M. Benazet, the Director, the Knight of the Legion of Honour, regards gambling merely as a secondary affair? Incredulous reader, you need only take a glance at any French paper during the summer season. There you will read that Benazet is le "Roi de Bade"—the Regent is but Grand Duke—you can read the description of the fêtes, the great concerts, the balls, the theatrical performances, all of which Benazet pays for out of his own pocket. Yes, he even has operas and vaudevilles written exclusively for his theatre. And how splendid are the rooms which he has built, merely for balls and spectacles! very few monarchs have finer, and none have them more tasteful. But that is not all: Benazet has founded an hospital; made a large race-course with stands, at which races take place annually, that have already achieved an European celebrity: he keeps up packs of dogs and hunters: he has also erected a church, and gives large sums every year to the charitable establishments at Baden. Benazet is the sole farmer of tables who has consistently refused to grant the fictitious concessions offered at Hombourg, Wiesbaden, and Nauheim. In Baden there is no half refait, and roulette is played with two zeros. Who would deny, after this, that Baden is a charming pleasure-spot, where people gamble when the whim besets them? Well, I will. I assert, and mean to prove, that



Baden is the most dangerous of all gambling-houses ; although, at the same time, I readily concede that, in respectability, it stands so far above the others, that no comparison can be made.

I must first explain this apparent contradiction, because I shall then obtain some basis for my further conclusions. M. Benazet is the sole farmer of the Baden Bank : nobody, except one of his nearest relatives, has a share in the undertaking. Hence he is not responsible to any shareholders, like the directors of Hombourg, Wiesbaden, and Nauheim. As sole Director M. Benazet can act as he pleases, more arbitrarily than the Grand Duke of Baden in his land ; and so far the French journalists may be right, when they christen him " le Roi de Bade." As an educated Frenchman, he has understood that the modern elegant world will put up with anything, if it be offered with a proper varnish of decorum—and no one better understands the preparation of this varnish than M. Benazet, save, perhaps, a still higher gentleman in France. While the other farmers bring gambling into the foreground, and regard the other amusements as accessories, he follows the exactly opposite system ; and his calculation is the correct one. Many persons, occupying a certain position in society, are ashamed to be seen so often at a gambling-table in Hombourg or Wiesbaden, or will not remain at places where the whole of the Cursaal is devoted to gambling. As the Baden Bank, moreover, offers no advantages, systematic players keep aloof, and professional gamblers do not come, so that the society at the tables is indubitably more respectable. You see no repulsive faces ; no combinations of two or three players with piles of gold before them, who with their calculations constitute the most unpleasant of neighbours. The great gentlemen can amuse themselves with far greater comfort at the table, and noble Frenchmen and Russians collect here of preference ; and of course, the bankers and rich persons, whose great object it is to display themselves in fashionable society, annually flock to Baden. I must also mention that the maximum, or highest stake allowed at Baden is 6000 francs, 2,500 less than at Wiesbaden, and 6,500 less than at Hombourg. We see, therefore, that everything is arranged at Baden on a more substantial basis, and it is in this external respectability that the great danger exists. The more vice shows itself in its natural form, the less can it attract—not because morality generally revolts against it, but because our sense of the beautiful is insulted, and the fancy can no longer be worked upon. On the other hand, it can reckon on success when gracefully veiled. This is not the place to discuss such a topic ; but, applied to gambling-houses, it leads to this conclusion. Hombourg and Wiesbaden bear such a repulsive character, that they possess hardly any danger for well-educated

men, and no wild passions are unbridled there. A respectable family will not let the sons stay in such a place; the daughters are never seen at the Cursaal, save in the reading-rooms and at balls. But at Baden, youthful Marquises and Counts and Barons, young bankers, and the sons, may be seen comfortably seated at the table; for their parents play there often enough, while behind the sister sits as observer, and the French journals even tell us how one or the other millionaire will give his daughter a five hundred franc note, in order to afford her the "innocent plaisir" of gambling. In this way the young people grow accustomed to play; the passion is gradually developed in them, and they become inveterate gamblers. At Hombourg and Wiesbaden you only see at the present day those players who know what they are exactly about, and who are there solely for the sake of play. If any unhappy wretch strays into the rooms, falls a victim and ends his life in desperation, people at least know about it, and the German papers mention the fact. But at Baden all goes on with incredible calmness; many people play because they happen to be there: most of the losers hold their tongues about their losses, and nothing is said about the victims who perish there. The larger German papers are more remote from the scene of action; Baden is regarded by them as semi-Gallicised; the local papers are reluctant to prove their own disgrace; and very good care is taken that the French papers shall remain silent. And yet Baden is not much behind the other place in catastrophes; many a young married couple have come here to spend their honeymoon, and departed leaving the bride's dower on the table. Many an official—many a young man has shot himself; but hitherto the German papers have merely whispered the act, and it is only very recently that the *Augsberger Allgemeine* has begun to write more seriously than usual about it.

If, then, the Baden *Maison de Conversation* is treated more indulgently by society and the press, than the "Curhauser" of other places, the reason is to be found in the talent of M. Benazet and in his connections, which extend far higher than those of the other Directors. The latter only come in contact with the great gentlemen, who visit their establishment when they are in want of money, but M. Benazet has contrived to place himself on a social footing with them. The Russians have a Casino, whose members are elected by ballot, and this Casino is in the Bath-house; they give balls, and M. Benazet most readily allows them the use of his splendid rooms. Although the nobility now receive their guests at their own house; though, in former times the Princess of Prussia (the present Queen) had foreigners introduced to her in a separate room of the Conversation House—they accept M. Benazet's personal invitation to his theatre, at which he, so to speak, does the



honours, and they vote him letters of thanks and honour him with presents. The Ball Committee is composed of members of the highest aristocracy of all countries, who treat him as their equal. The English alone are more reserved, and would sooner associate with horse-dealers in their own country than with the most brilliant Bank-holder on the Continent. The French are delighted with his hunts, his mounted piqueurs, and the elegance of his rooms; even the authorities of the town undertake nothing without asking his advice, and several of them regard and treat him as a benefactor of humanity, on account of the money he gives to charitable institutions. Now, I ask, is not Benazet a great man?—and is he not justified in looking down on the few stupid moralists? The other Directors, who are so far inferior to him in education and polish, do the same—then why should not he, who can boast of being the most affable and generous of them all?

The time has now arrived to drag away the deceptive veil which persons interested, especially the Governments of the States which tolerate gambling Banks, try to spread over these pretty institutions. But first I must find space for a few remarks about the organisation of the Banks generally; so that I may dispel some involuntary errors, as well as the voluntary ones, purposely propagated by the Bank Directors and their allies. The three great gambling establishments to which I have chiefly referred, are nearly all established on the same basis. The one at Baden has less expenses of management, as it is only open for six months; but, those expenses are very greatly augmented; for the spectacles and vaudevilles, which are represented by the first members of the Parisian theatres, cost so much that Benazet's outlay is probably as large as Blanc's.

Each Bank has two inspectors for the *trente et quarante* tables, whose pay varies between 6 and 10,000 francs for the season, and two for the *roulette* table, who are paid less. The croupiers receive from 800 down to 300 francs per month. As four are always engaged at each table simultaneously, and have to relieve others—since the gambling lasts uninterruptedly for twelve or thirteen hours, the number of these accomplices may be estimated at about thirty. The companies also support their own bands, true military bands from Mainz or Rastadt; are obliged to keep a large establishment of servants, and light the large rooms most brilliantly with oil lamps—gas is not employed, for the Bank might be robbed by its sudden extinction, either accidental or purposely arranged. When we reckon up their expenses, and at the same time calculate what the advertisements and posters must cost, we may assume that the statement of the Bank employés, that the daily expenses amount to ninety pounds, is rather too low than too

high; hence Homburg must win £30,000, Wiesbaden and Ems about £12,000, before the shares produce a farthing of profit. The two latter establishments, upon the new organisation in 1857, it is acknowledged by their own report, won £47,250; hence, including the expenses, they must have netted, in nine months, at least £60,000; and when we compare the dividends which they and Hombourg annually pay to the shareholders, each share brings in an average income of twenty-four per cent.

Many an innocent reader may perhaps feel surprised at the enormous profit, and will not understand how it is made, as all the players cannot lose; and he will be more surprised still when I tell him that it is not the great, rich gamblers who produce this profit, but only the smaller. I, too, considered this almost incredible, until my French *cicerone* first drew my attention to the fact, and I considered his statements exaggerated, until close observation convinced me of their entire truth. The great players, with the rarest exceptions, confine themselves to *rouge-et-noir*; and though one of them may step aside for a while to the roulette table, he only remains there a short time, and backs the numbers for amusement. At *trente et quarante* there are but few chances, and it often happens that the colours turn up so evenly that, unless a *refait* occur—in which case one half of all the stakes is lost—the bank does not receive more on one side than it pays out on the other. It will happen, too, that a bold player employs a lucky moment, and wins a considerable sum. But it must be borne in mind that only great players, who risk heavy sums, are so daring; if such an one has lost considerably, he knows that only a special change of fortune can bring him back his losses. The small player grows timid so soon as he has lost, and when his lucky moment arrives, he does not take advantage of it. The sight of the money piled up before him confuses him; he constantly withdraws a part; and when his good fortune is at an end, he has scarce recovered half his losses, while the great player by his side remains a winner. The small players, too, generally play at *roulette*, where a small stake on a number brings in an incomparably higher gain.

All persons acquainted with gambling declare that the *rouge-et-noir* table usually covers the expenses of the establishment; but that the *roulette* tables, where the small gamblers and those who come to try their luck on a Sunday excursion generally play, produce the net profit. So much is certain, that at *rouge-et-noir* several persons have won large sums; it is true that it was only borrowed money, as they lost it again sooner or later; but at *roulette* it is a very rare fact for a man to win at all, and cases of winning like Garcia's are absolutely impossible at that game. It is therefore undeniable that small players are the real supporters of the bank.



As I said in the opening of my article, the Government of Baden has formed the laudable resolution of abolishing the bank. However highly this resolve may be praised, I must remark that its execution will only profit Hombourg. The proper thing would be for the Federal Council to pay greater attention to the affair than it has hitherto done. A great deal may be said about contracts which must not be broken; but German diplomatists have never been scrupulous on that point. At any rate, steps might be taken by which the spread of the corruption could be checked. So long as the Elector of Hesse continues his present demoralising system, it will be useless abolishing the gambling-houses at Wiesbaden and Baden; for while a single table is suffered to exist in Germany, players will be attracted to it, like moths to a burning candle.

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## OUR SECULAR MUSIC

"Oh ! surely Melody from Heaven was sent,  
To cheer the soul when tired of human strife ;  
To soothe the wayward heart with sorrow bent,  
And soften down the rugged path of life."

WE English are, individually and nationally, an enthusiastic people. We may not be characterised by the brilliant, sparkling piquancy of the French, nor by the rapturous ecstasies and passionate sentiment of the Italians. We may be rough and bluff-stolid, unimaginative, matter-of-fact, but we are, nevertheless, enthusiastic ; albeit our enthusiasm occasionally finds vent clumsily enough.

Until now, England has never been so celebrated as some other countries for the love and cultivation of the Fine Arts.

We have heard of Germany as the nursery of musical genius ; and of Italy as the land of the painter, revelling in the intense blue of his native sky, and the vivid colouring of its glowing sunsets.

The taste for these branches of the Fine Arts, now so prevalent in England, is an importation—an exotic, which, from careful nursing, and tender, persevering culture, has attained a degree of perfection equalling, if not surpassing, that of its native countries. And this brings us to our subject at once ; the Music of the age—especially the Music of England.

At this time there is what is called "a rage" for Music among the upper and middle classes. This is an instance of England's enthusiasm ; her people have adopted Music as one of her hobbies, and now they are riding it with a heavy and unsparing hand.

"Music" is, after all, a vague term, and in the present day is frequently made to stand sponsor to a great deal that is very spurious and very questionable. "Clap-trap" would be a more suitable name for many of the compositions, and most of the amateur performances, both vocal and instrumental, of these times. Listen ! These two handsome girls (*great* acquisitions to an evening party, we are confidently told,) are going to give the audience a little "Music" in the shape of a piano-forte duet. You happen to be standing near, and now you draw closer still, and solicit the honour of turning over the leaves of their music-book, petitioning in your gallantry for one glance from the dark eyes of her nearest you, as a sign that they have arrived at the last bar of the page, and pleading, as an excuse, your ignorance of Music at sight. The bargain is struck, and the "Music" com-



mences with a succession of loud, heavy chords, which, assisted by the free use of the pedals, temporarily deafens you; and when you recover the use of your ears, they are assailed by an uproar almost as alarming. The gentle pianists are now fairly under weigh, and belabour the unlucky instrument with astonishing energy. Treble scrambles furiously to the top of the keys, omitting every other note in her haste; and forthwith commences a precipitate descent in a double chromatic scale, which is prematurely cut off by a desperate rattle of conflicting sharps and flats, and that is displaced by a storm of chords which are succeeded by more shakes and cadenzas, not one of which is allowed its full complement of notes. Meanwhile, bass diligently keeps up a rolling thunder from below, even more trying to ordinary ears than the shrill treble; and presently the two unite in the discharge of what have been not inaptly termed, "Instrumental fireworks," and conclude with a tremendous crash, which echoes again and again through the startled atmosphere.

You are bewildered by the "silence after the din," almost as much as by the din itself, and the speech of thanks dies upon your lips; you quit the lighted rooms, seize your hat, and seek the quiet streets, the appalling finale ringing in your ears. My dear sir, that is "Music," and what a Goth you must be to be impervious to its charms in these days!

Now, we do not for an instant wish that Music, that Queen of the Arts, should ever be one whit less widely appreciated than it now is in England; nor would we, if we could, restrict the number of its patrons and patronesses to those only who have mastered the laws of Harmony and Melody—who have notation and rhythm at their fingers' ends, and can thread with facility the intricacies of thorough bass. For though we can promise to all who have time and inclination to explore the wide and comparatively unknown regions of this delightful science, a reward rich beyond expectation, yet would it be hard to deprive others of that which circumstances prevent from being more than a recreation to them.

But we could wish that those whose taste lies obviously in another direction, would be persuaded to follow the bent of their natural inclination, and not consider it incumbent upon them to dabble in Music because it is the fashion to be musical. Some there are, who are conscious of their lamentable deficiency in what are commonly called "ear" and "taste," and yet are unwilling to give in, forgetting that, without those two qualifications, they never can impart any degree of pleasure to others; for there are few who cannot detect a purely mechanical performance, disguised though it may be by borrowed marks of expression and brilliant execution. But the most hopeless are those would-be musicians,

who are unaware of their incapacity, and contentedly pursue their mistaken avocation with perfect self-complacency. If such would only be influenced by dissuading friends, (there are always plenty ready to impart unpleasant truths of every description); but, unfortunately, in the majority of instances, such Mentors contrive to rouse all the perversity of the natures with whom they have to deal, and so effectually defeat their own ends.

We are all unanimous in acknowledging the visible improvement that has taken place in *Sacred Music*. How amazed would our grandfathers and grandmothers be now, could they step into one of our village churches and hear the harmonious and congregational singing; the little band of well-disciplined and tutored voices constituting the "choir," leading the larger body; and the two combined pealing through the sacred building, in joyful yet reverential strains—a very "perfection of praise." Where are the days of the old pitch-pipe, horn, or violin? when the palsied clerk struck up the tune, (if tune it may be called, which had neither beginning, middle, nor end), and took the lead in a shrill and quavering treble, the congregation following at their own discretion, each performing a distinct solo in a different key, following the devices of his or her fancy, and arriving, like the fashionables at an evening party, one after the other, at the final note, which consisted of a prolonged and discordant nasal twang. Those days are gone, and few of us are inclined to lament over such relics of the past jog-trot generation, to which, however, some infatuated octogenarians still allude as the "good old times!" deploring in the same breath the degeneracy and short-comings of the present. With such it is useless to argue; they *will* cherish the remembrance of the "brave days of old," in which they have lived more than two-thirds of their lives—they carry their conservative spirit to what appears to us to be a ridiculous pitch; for ever harping on the same worn-out string, that "our grandfathers and grandmothers did remarkably well" without what we now consider absolutely essentials, and, *therefore*, we should also abjure our "so called" improvements. If this plan had been acted upon throughout the history of our now highly-favoured land—if no one had ever ventured to adopt a course differing from that in which his grandfather had contentedly lived, we should now be nomadic and untutored savages, regardless alike of the laws of civilisation and society, and the mandates of Him who inhabiteth eternity!

But we must not expect to make converts of the above-mentioned ladies and gentlemen of the "old school;" our modern improvements, our harmonised chants, our new system of notation, our revised psalters and hymnals, will never find grace in their sight. They look upon Tallis, of whose school *we* are all admirers and pro-



fessors, as an interloper; before he cuts off and clips with his artistic shears and turns, the ornaments and apoggiaturas, the Rousseau's Dreams, and other barbarous and jaunty tunes in which their souls delighted. They denounce us as "irreverent," because we do not consider it more decorous to drawl and loiter over our notes of church music, than to quicken the time to "Allegro Moderato," because we prefer crotchets to semibreves, and abjure breves altogether. We are not now upholding the cause of mediæval revivalism, though, strange to say, even that, which savours strongly of the antique, is almost as distasteful to our hostile old friends as are our more modern ideas.

One word more on sacred music, although irrelevant to our subject.

Reader! we are entering a church; not a church that is locked up and put away, as it were, for Sunday's use, as our Noah's Ark and dissected map of the Deluge—that lively representation of the children of men trying to swim in long red and blue petticoats, their faces distorted by the agonies of drowning (which were considered as proper and suitable Sunday toys)—used to be in our childish days; but one that is, occasionally at least, left open on other days, that people may come in from the outer world; and while some merely gratify their curiosity, others may be soothed by the calm stillness of the spot, contrasting forcibly with the surrounding glare and noise, and strife, the irritations and vexations, the turmoil and bustle, of this strange and restless life!

Hush! the organist is preparing for next Sunday's service; and, even as we enter, a succession of rich soft chords heralds the opening of the first voluntary.

Grandly the rolling of the bourdon introduces the melody—gently it steals upon the ear as from some under world—solemnly it swells into a volume of majestic sound; louder and louder it rolls, mounting higher and higher, pealing wildly through the throbbing air—a grand, a mighty Hallelujah—a glorious Jubilate Deo, such as should rise, night and day, laden with the hearty thanksgivings of the whole glad earth, which is "bound by gold chains of prayer about the feet of God," a cloud of incense to the throne of the Almighty! Again and again it reverberates from arch to arch, from pillar to pillar, from aisle to aisle—anon, subsiding into a strife of wailing minor chords—in mournful cadence it dies away, with fitful sobbings; and shrouded in the deep vibration, the last low, lingering, plaintive, tremulous note expires as with a sigh—leaving us with beating hearts and suspended breath.

This is *real music*.

"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Music that probes to the very heart's core, calming our ruffled spirits, and stilling (temporarily at least) the surging billows of our rebellious wills, chafing and tossing, blindly, furiously, helplessly, against that inexorable barrier, the Divine will, raised in merciful pity by Him who spake to the sea and said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." And what if the effect that *such* music (and other music, too, that of nature, of waving trees and rippling water—of the wind sighing and sweeping over the Æolian harp) has upon us is not permanent? What if the ardent glow, or the peaceful calm, which for the time being, it diffuses over our hearts, is soon dispelled, when we again come in contact with the sterner realities of our daily lives? Surely it is better to be soothed for a time than not to be soothed at all. Surely the effect of those sweet sounds must be good, and not evil, when they leave us refreshed and softened, if only for an hour—when they shed a gleam of harmless and pure happiness, even over *one* day out of the few that are yet remaining of the rapidly receding tide of our human lives!

And why should not our secular music be improved as our sacred music has been?

In its *military* branch it *has* taken a stride; officers and band-masters do seem to be inspired with some ambition on the subject; and now we would suggest that individuals and families should follow their example, remembering that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Let all who *have* taste and capabilities, make the most of them—let none who really are fortunate enough to possess a "voice," neglect to cultivate it.

We want to correct the too-prevalent idea that Music consists in *noisy* instrumental or vocal performance.

O! ye shades of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Sebastian Bach! O! ye wraiths of the unknown composers of our ancient and heart-stirring national melodies—English, Scotch, and Irish? O! ye modern and living champions of this noble science, rise up and support our cause! Help us to persuade our English youths and maidens that if the prevailing taste of the country were only proved to be for *melody* rather than *noise*, plenty of melody, operatic and otherwise, would soon appear in print, and the noisy clap-trap of our drawing-rooms in 1867, our "bravura style" would be very shortly extinct, like the very curious but highly-objectionable race of antediluvian reptiles!

We hope yonder group of rosy, pouting maidens are not offended by our remarks; but we fear the arrow has struck home too truly to please them, for bright eyes look askance at us from under turban hats and waves of silken-netted hair; and silvery voices wonder audibly at our impertinence. And this dashing cornet, who



has just purchased a flute second-hand from Jones, of the —th Guards, who is rather "hard-up," and daily wakes the slumbering echoes with more energy than harmony, strokes his incipient moustache, and waving his cigar with a flourish of disgust, mutters his opinion that "it's a precious deal too hard upon a fellow that's musically inclined—cutting up *noise* at that rate!" Never mind the gentleman, but we must try to conciliate the young ladies before we go.

"Shake hands and be friends, pretty maidens; we only want your music to be like yourselves—gentle, and soft, and melodious—everything should *match*, you know. We should be as startled to hear a discordant note from *those* lips or fingers as we should be to note a glaring inconsistency in your invariably tasty and becoming dress; with which compliment we make our bow, leaving you to go home and make a bonfire of all your printed *noise*, and a selection of all your printed *melody*, to be bound up in nemophila blue, with gilt edges!

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## MISS MARTHA WHITE

MISS MARTHA WHITE was "undeniably an old maid," but she was truly an ornament to that often-maligned sisterhood ; her placid brow was never ruffled by a frown, and her quiet voice never raised in the shrill tones of anger. Miss Martha certainly looked as if she had never been in a passion in the course of her existence, though those who knew her intimately were often surprised to find what a warmth of feeling lay concealed beneath a calm, lady-like exterior ; but few guessed at the romance which slumbered in the heart of our heroine, or how fresh and youthful that heart still remained.

Miss White resided in the pleasant little country village of Goldenthorpe. Hers was the prettiest detached cottage in the neighbourhood, with a thatched roof, and windows in form like those of a church. There was a porch painted green, and over it roses and fragrant creepers were trained, and in the summer time shed a rich perfume around. The rector of Goldenthorpe made these plants his peculiar care, rather to the annoyance of their owner, as the good clergyman, being only an amateur in the art of gardening, made frequent mistakes, and sometimes killed Miss White's choicest flowers ; but Mr. Joyce could never be brought to believe that anything he did could be wrong, and persisted that some one else must have been meddling with his charges.

But to return to the cottage. It was not large, but quite roomy enough for the two persons who inhabited it, Miss White and her servant Kitty. The drawing-room was so pretty that it was a pleasure to be in it ; the parlour as snug a small apartment as it was possible to imagine. And Miss Martha and her single domestic were very happy—the latter a girl the lady had from charity taken out of the workhouse when a mere child. Kitty was enthusiastically attached to her gentle mistress, and often told the rector's coachman, the village blacksmith's son, "that Miss White ought to have been born a queen, she would have made all her subjects so happy."

Miss Martha made no pretence of youth, and covered her still abundant hair with rather too dowdy a cap. To be sure, the soft brown bands were streaked with silver ; but Miss Martha cared little whether they were white or brown, and then she did not mind letting the curious know in what year of our Lord she became a denizen of the earth ; and when her friend, Miss Grey, much scandalised, ventured to remonstrate with her on the subject, she was silenced by the answer she received—"I do not think that we should be ashamed to confess how long God has given us life."



"But," said Miss Grey, after a pause, "you look so young, and if you were to dress differently——"

"Would my friends—would you—love me better if I wished to appear more juvenile than I am?"

"No—oo, of course not; but Mr. Joyce might like it, Martha," observed Miss Grey, slyly.

"Mr. Joyce! To talk to a woman of my time of life in this manner!" smiled Miss Martha.

Miss Grey walked home deep in thought. "I believe," she said to herself, "that poor dear Martha has never forgotten her young lover, who was drowned so many years ago."

Miss White was at tea one summer's evening, when Kitty, in rather a state of excitement, announced that the rector was coming in at the gate."

Her mistress desired her to admit the visitor, who begged to be allowed to take a cup of tea with Miss Martha, if his doing so would not inconvenience anybody.

Kitty, whose eyes were sharp enough, noticed that the clergyman was rather nervous, and was thrown into confusion by his saying, "Good evening, my dear!" when she opened the door.

"The idea!" thought Kitty, of a grand gentleman like him calling of me 'his dear.' Why, he's almost as nice as—as John!"

John was the rector's coachman.

Mr. Joyce followed Kitty into the parlour. Poor man! his nervousness was painful to witness.

"Good evening, Miss Martha. I—I—just called to see, you know," he began, unintelligibly.

"Ah! the flowers. You are very kind indeed," said the lady.

Mr. Joyce sat down and took a cup in his hand, without seeming to know what to do with it.

"I've had my garden altered, as you wished it, Miss White," he said, at last.

"Indeed! I was not aware that I had expressed an opinion about it," said Miss White, in surprise.

"Oh, yes! you did not like my arrangements last year."

"Did I not? I forget——"

The rector could neither get on with tea nor conversation that evening: he had evidently something on his mind, and several times began, "Miss Martha, I——" and came to a full stop. At last, in desperation, the gentleman put down his cup, and drew his chair near his hostess, and observed confidentially—

"How many marriages there are in prospect!"

"Are there?" said Miss Martha, calmly.

"Yes. I heard you telling Kitty not to encourage my man, John Stonehouse, unless she meant to marry him."

Miss Martha looked up in surprise.

"I remember, I *did* tell her so, but—"

"Why, I was waiting to be let in, and you had left your window open, so I could not avoid hearing what passed. It was good advice, Miss Martha," explained the worthy rector.

"I meant it for such. I am glad you thought it was," said the lady, simply.

Mr. Joyce grew very red, and looked uncomfortably warm. He had evidently made up his mind. Before Miss Martha knew what he was thinking about, the gentleman, with some abruptness, laid his hand and fortune at Miss White's disposal, and then waited with considerable embarrassment for her answer. It came after a short pause, with a rich blush like a young girl's. The lady returned a gentle but firm refusal, much to the chagrin of the old bachelor suitor.

"She would never marry," she said.

"Why not? I have had it in my mind to ask you this question for years, Miss Martha, and I really hoped your answer would have been different. I was led to believe it would."

"You have done me a great honour, and were I not the silly romantic old maid that I am, I might, perhaps, have been proud to call so good and upright a man as yourself my husband; but I shall never marry now," said Miss Martha; "and if," she continued, "you will not think me very foolish, I will give you my reason, Mr. Joyce."

Mr. Joyce was silent, so Miss Martha went on:—"My father was, as you know, a rich gentleman-farmer. My youth was a very quiet time, for we did not live near enough to any town to be gay people; consequently I knew very few young persons of my own age; and when my sailor-brother—my father's beloved and only son—brought home a friend with him, it made the house so much more lively. This stranger was a young Swede, and he was to be a passenger in Harry's ship. Oscar Hermann and my brother were on intimate terms. I—I—was considered rather pretty then; and though Oscar was some ten years my senior, he took a fancy to me—in short, we loved each other—and, against my father's wishes, became engaged, and then he and Harry went away——"

Miss Martha paused to conquer her agitation.

"He—he said he would come back to marry me three years afterwards; but I have never heard of him since. Dear Harry was drowned; perhaps Oscar met with the same fate."

Miss Martha's eyes were moist with tears, and Mr. Joyce rose to go, thinking to himself that women were all fools, and the lady who had refused *him* the greatest simpleton of all! But nevertheless he went away with a latent hope that she would change her mind, and



prefer spending the remainder of her life in his cosy rectory, to going on dreaming of the past in single blessedness.

It was growing late, but Miss Martha did not seem to notice the gathering darkness of the summer sky. She sat with her hands clasped, a smile unusually sad on her lips. Once or twice she wiped away some quiet tears that fell on her cheek.

Miss Martha was in a reverie.

Kitty entered presently to remove the tray, and asked her mistress if she would give her permission to run over to a neighbour's house for half-an-hour—she would not stay longer.

"Yes, you may go," said Miss Martha, absently.

Kitty put away her tea-things, and departed. Miss Martha's reverie became deeper.

There was a ring at the bell,—the knocker handled with some impatience several times.

With a start Miss White awoke from her dream, and remembered Kitty was out, and that it was most unusual to see visitors at that hour. After a moment's hesitation, she went to open the door. A man wrapped in a cloak stood in the porch.

"Can you tell me where does one Miss Marta White live?" he asked, with a foreign accent.

A sudden thrill ran through the lady's veins. Had she heard that voice before? She could not remember.

Receiving no reply, the questioner continued—

"I have a message for Miss Marta White."

"I am Miss White; will you come in, sir?"

Miss Martha ushered her guest into the parlour, and lighted a candle.

The stranger surveyed the room with some curiosity, and then asked, turning away his head—

"Will Miss White be long before she come?"

"I am Miss White," she said again; "but there must be some mistake!"

"You Miss White! No, impossible!" cried the stranger.

Miss Martha said, with some little dignity—

"White is a common name, sir. I dare say you will find the lady you are in search of at C——"

"I want a Miss *Marta* White!" exclaimed the visitor, apologetically.

"That is *my* name."

"Your name is Marta!" echoed the gentleman, turning round and scanning her face intently. Suddenly his eye fell upon a gold locket that was half concealed by a lace lappet round Miss White's slender throat; he uttered a loud exclamation, and fell into a chair,

trembling. "Miss White—Miss Marta," he said, "I ask you if you ever knew one Oscar Hermann?"

"I *did*," faltered the amazed lady:

"Then I am right! You are *my* Marta, my dear, long-lost Marta!" And before she could say a word, Miss White was caught in the arms of the traveller, and her lips and forehead frantically kissed.

"Marta, *my* Marta; do you not know your Oscar? Has time changed me so? You wear my locket still."

Miss Marta did then and there, for the first time in her life, go into a fit of hysterics; and when Kitty returned, her astonishment was not to be equalled when she found her mistress laughing and crying in the same breath, and permitting the caresses of a stranger.

A few words made the matter known to the sympathising abigail, and then came Oscar's long explanation of his silence. He had been detained in Sweden to watch over an insane father; his letters had all been returned to him, and he had imagined himself forgotten by his English love, from whom his affections had never wandered. His father died, and then Oscar Hermann became a traveller over the world, visited India and America, Germany and Italy, and at last determined upon returning to England.

"And this is the result, my Marta," he said in conclusion, looking at Miss White with all the rapture of a young lover. He had taken off her cap, and her hair fell in curly masses on her shoulders; she had such a colour, too, and her eyes were so bright that he exclaimed with great admiration—"Your old self, my Marta! but you did not know your grey-headed Oscar?"

"How could I, when you turned away your face whenever I tried to see what you were like!" said "Miss Marta," with quite a gleeful laugh.

It did not matter to her whether Oscar's hair was grey, or his brow furrowed—he was still *her* Oscar.

So they were married; though not by the rector, though he soon consoled himself by making an offer to Miss Martha's friend, Miss Grey, who immediately consented to become Mrs. Joyce. Kitty, I am sorry to say, jilted poor John, and wedded Mr. Hermann's Swedish serving-man, who scarcely understood a dozen words of English; so she and her mistress were not parted.

It is needless to say that the Hermanns were very happy; it would be strange, indeed, if faith and constancy were not sometimes rewarded even in this world.

ELLYS H. ERLE.



## SUMMER SHOWERS

BUT when the noiseless shower has ended,  
 And the bright sky looks forth again,  
 And fades the bow in Heaven bended,  
 Wrought from the crystals of the rain,

The earth stands held in mute delight,  
 And joyous with a silent mirth;  
 Bride-like in tears, she seems to sight  
 A new, rejuvenated earth.

A verdure bursts upon the leas,  
 As verdure ne'er had been of yore;  
 Those clumps of leafy-laden trees  
 Look fuller-foliag'd than before.

With keener, purer life, the air  
 Your sense enthrall'd enamour'd greets;  
 Fraught with a thousand perfumes rare,  
 Snatch'd from a thousand summer sweets.

And out of air and dewy ground  
 Comes forth a wondrous moving calm;  
 That unseen incense breathes around,  
 And influences, dropping balm.

Quite steep'd in the delicious sense  
 Of new-born atmospheric life,  
 The spirit, from a peace intense,  
 Can give no thoughts to care and strife.

Then the clear ether palpitates,  
 Beat by a myriad wings of gauze;  
 Yet ever at a breath it waits  
 As revelling in ecstatic pause.

Most soothing falls the drowsy hum,  
 And dreamy murmur of the bees;  
 Most musical, from far off, come  
 Vague sounds that mellow on the breeze.

Now drowning them—from bush and briar,  
(A sweet collusion of sweet lays),  
Bursts forth the untaught woodland choir  
In unpremeditated praise.

Oh, linnet! tell me, whence is born  
The subtle sweetness of your song?  
I hear you throstle from your thorn,  
That thrilling chant—prolong, prolong!

Waft to me some didactic strain  
Through the cleft alleys of the wood;  
Can man not learn your bless'd refrain,  
And pour spontaneous gratitude?

M. S.

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## REMINISCENCES OF SUMMER RAMBLES IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

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“ Here,  
With summer hymning through the haunted vales,  
'Tis beauty, bloom, and brightness all ! How rich  
The wooing luxury of floral meads  
Reposing in the noon, where scented winds  
Exult, and many a happy brooklet sings !  
Sure admiration might romance it here !—  
Tall mansions shadow'd through patrician trees,  
Those brown-spread farms, grey villages, and cots,  
With castled relics, and cathedral piles,  
Where dreaming solitude may muse and sigh,  
Enchant dead ages from their tomb, or hear  
The dark soliloquy of ancient time,  
Adorn the landscape, and delight the view :  
While haggared rocks and heaven-aspiring hills,  
Balking the ocean, here and there create  
A mountain charm to solemnise the scene.”—R. MONTGOMERY.

SEVERAL years ago, when “ the sweet spring-time ” was gladdening all hearts, even in busy London, my husband proposed to me that we should quit for awhile our temporary home in the great metropolis, and betake ourselves to the pleasant country—

“ Where the violets grow, and the breezes blow.”

The proposition would have met with my entire approval, but that its fulfilment involved the parting with dear friends, to whom I knew my absence would be a trial—one, alas ! of many. While I was pondering this, my husband spoke again, and as I turned to reply, I noticed that the lines on the brow were more deeply furrowed and the wavy hair more thickly strewn with silver threads than I had observed before. “ Leave thy father and mother, and cleave to thy husband,” flashed through my mind, and the matter was settled.

Where to go was the next point of discussion. Margate and Ramsgate were too gay and noisy to suit our quiet tastes ; the seaboard of the eastern counties was negatived at once, and then both simultaneously named the Isle of Wight, and decided that we would judge for ourselves whether the said island actually deserved the title usually conceded to it of “ the garden of England.”

Bear in mind that the Isle of Wight was really then a lovely pastoral retreat, whose echoes had never been awakened by the shrill discordant shriek of the railway-whistle, nor its sylvan solitudes disturbed by troops of unpicturesque navvies. I dread to think how great must be the contrast now.

I have heard of going from London to York by way of Exeter—we adopted a similar principle, and started from London to Portsmouth by way of Brighton. Never shall I forget that journey; five tunnels in the short space of fifty minutes make it memorable. While passing through the longest of these, which has since attained a fatal celebrity, I could not but conjecture that had Dante been similarly circumstanced he would have added another page to the horrors of his "Inferno." The noisy reverberation caused by the rushing train; the unearthly shriek of the whistle—no inapt illustration of the wailings of the condemned in purgatory—and all this in utter darkness, form the combination of terrors, though fortunately not of long duration.

Arrived at Brighton, we located ourselves at the Terminus Hotel, as we intended staying there but two or three days. The accommodation was good, the charges moderate, though remunerative. After the refreshing tea and its adjuncts, we issued forth to join the evening promenade on the Esplanade, where everybody goes to see and be seen. Our friends who had formerly occupied "the Temple" were dead, and the family scattered, so we had no inducement to prolong our stay; and a cursory view of the improvements of Brighton, even then fast growing out of knowledge, and a constitutional ramble on the breezy downs, satisfied our curiosity respecting London-super-Mare, and, my husband's inquiries about Shoreham answered, we determined to proceed to Portsmouth without delay.

How different was this journey from our previous one! The bed of the South Coast Railway being level, my aversions, the tunnels, are dispensed with, and we bowled smoothly along, recognising, as we passed, the various places with which we had formerly been familiar.

First Worthing—(what a host of associations rise at the mention of that name!)—where, long years ago, with much-loved friends, I sojourned. Surely no bathing was ever so refreshing, no sands so smooth, as those of Worthing! And then the pleasant walks to country churches near; to Broadwater, with its pretty parsonage and nicely-kept garden, whose worthy rector so hospitably entertained us, for the sake of the friend whom we accompanied; to Tarring village church, with its floor strewn with clean rushes, and its primitive choir, whose vocal feats fatigued us not a little, after a walk of above three miles on a scorching summer-day. Fancy *standing* to listen to an anthem which seemed interminable, and not one word of which could we make out! At length we heard, "Oh, spare me a little!" from which we inferred that they had been performing the 39th Psalm. Certes, had we been consulted, we could have dispensed with the greater part it.



Next in order came Chanctonbury Ring, the highest hill in Sussex, whose summit is crowned with foliage—whence its appellation. So vividly do I remember it, that it seems as if but last week we joined the enormous picnic celebrated there, and to which, through the introduction of our *cicerone*, a former schoolfellow of mine, we were by courtesy invited. Oh, those school-girl friendships, what pleasant things they are! and how sometimes do they exert an influence for good far on into after-life! How warm and pure is our recollection of—

“The few we liked, the one we loved!”

It was a lovely summer morning when we—four ladies—started from Worthing to join the rendezvous at Chanctonbury Ring. How distinctly I remember the scene upon the hill: the gatherings, the receptions, the introductions, the wanderings through the wood, which so pleasantly occupied the interval, till a huge gong sounded the recall to dinner; and the large assembly, numbering between seventy and eighty, resolved themselves into groups, and, seated on the greensward, formed parts of one convivial whole!

The viands had been arranged by the servants in a shaded spot, daring our absence, and the “spread” comprised everything that could be desired, to which the company brought appetites sharpened by exercise and by the invigorating air of the hill, and all was enjoyment and hilarity.

The repast and dessert, with songs and toasts, concluded, we dispersed once more, and a pretty sight that gay assembly formed, the bright colours and fluttering lightness of the ladies’ summer toilettes contrasting well with the darker hues of the gentlemen’s attire, and both set off by the emerald turf over which we wandered, and backed by the rich foliage of the Ring.

And then the splendid scene that lay outspread before us: the well-wooded and diversified country, dotted with gentlemen’s seats, and substantial-looking farmhouses and mills, while towards the south, far as the eye could reach, stretched the ever-beautiful, glittering sea.

And now the musicians breathed forth their enlivening strains, and parties were formed for dancing, while others roamed in groups, reading or reciting poetry, and gazing on the glorious landscape; occasionally, too, a couple would be seen, linked arm-in-arm, and strolling off to some sequestered spot, where

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot,”

they could enjoy undisturbed the *tête-à-tête* which was to them the highest earthly felicity.

Thus cheerily passed the hours of that pleasant summer afternoon, and again the gong summoned the stragglers to partake of

the refreshing tea and coffee. An odd difficulty had arisen, which had occasioned much merriment. Of provisions of all kinds there was plenty and to spare; cakes and fruit, in all varieties, graced the festive—grass, but there was only *one teapot!* and the thirsty throng, who had been dancing, strolling, sporting, and love-making, were longing for the exhilarating cup which “cheers but not inebriates.” What was to be done? Some one proposed to make the tea in tea-kettles, of which there were plenty, and the suggestion was received with rounds of applause. How the gentlemen flitted about, and offered their devoirs, with the refreshing addition of a cup of tea?

Then followed charades, enigmas, songs, dancing again, and then another stroll. But all things have an end, and even this delightful day must close. At a quarter to nine the gong sounded again, and the party assembled to take a parting glass, while adieus, good wishes, and thanks were interchanged; then carriages were sought, meanwhile some lingered to watch

“The dying day’s decline,”

and to cast a farewell glance on the beauties they were leaving. Perchance others exchanged adieus, and whispered vows and soft nothings in not unwilling ears.

At length the cavalcade was formed, and beneath the beams of an early July moon we prepared to descend the hill. A waggon was despatched first, containing the musicians and some of the *débris* of the *fête*. This was done to prevent the *cortège* going too rapidly down the hill; for though not steep, the descent occupies two miles, and some of the party were hilarious—nothing more.

Then followed vehicles of all descriptions, escorted by gentlemen on horseback. Our little carriage, with its pair of mules, had carried us four ladies to the scene of festivity, and was now destined to receive two gentlemen in addition, who declared they had lost their steeds, and besought permission to sit *dos-à-dos* on our carriage-rug. How could we refuse these knights errant, who pleaded their distressed position? We did not then know there were *led* horses in the rear.

That drive home, through the balmy evening air and ’neath the silver moon, was perhaps the most pleasant part of the festive day; but it, too, came to an end at last, and exchanging adieus, regrets, and good wishes, we separated, probably never to meet on earth again; and overcome with pleasurable fatigue, we sought our pillows, to dream over again the enjoyments of the day.

And where are all that gay assemblage now?—

“Some are dead, and some are gone,”

and the remainder are—where? And Echo answers—where?



But we are *en route* for the Isle of Wight, and must hasten on to Portsmouth, where we arrived just in time to join the steamer for Ryde.

### RYDE—SEA VIEW—APPLEY—ST. JOHN'S.

"When genial sun to genial showers succeed,  
The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom;  
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,  
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume,

"We, grateful, share the gift of nature's hand,  
And in the varied scenes that round us shine—  
The fair, the rich, the awful, and the grand—  
Admire th' amazing workmanship divine."

SCOTT.

Very pleasant is the short trip of six miles between Portsmouth and Ryde, and extremely beautiful the view presented to the observant tourist as the vessel nears the shore of what was believed to be the "Insulæ Vectis" of the Romans. The pier, extending far into the sea, and forming a delightful promenade, first attracts notice. It is a light and elegant, yet substantial structure, where, on a summer evening, the invigorating breezes from the sea may be enjoyed in all their purity, while the eye roams delighted, and finds ample scope for its exercise. The villas of the Duke of Buckingham and Earl Spencer, being near the shore, are observed rising from their surrounding foliage. One cannot but be struck by the imposing aspect of Brigstocke Terrace, placed near the summit of the hill on which Ryde is built, though to my idea the houses and villas of every form and elevation, scattered about, and being generally stuccoed, contrasting so well with the embowering trees, form far more pleasing features in the picture. Church-spires, too, without which no English landscape would be complete, add their sanction to the picturesque and beautiful whole.

Our first object on landing was to procure quiet, yet cheerful lodgings, where, seated near the open window, we enjoyed at once our substantial tea, and the pleasant prospect, and then sallied forth to reconnoitre the immediate neighbourhood. I am not skilled in depicting towns; indeed I feel, as Miss Catherine Sinclair says of Inverness—"I could write you a description as dry and uninteresting as a stone dyke about the place; but towns never describe well, and the larger they are the more hopelessly tiresome the description becomes"—therefore, suffice it to say that Ryde possesses a new church in Dover Street, several chapels of various denominations, the principal being those of St. Thomas and St. James, both belonging to the Establishment, though not being a parish of itself, but a dependency on that of Newchurch, seven miles distant; there is no

parish church in Ryde. The Town Hall and Market House are commodious and substantial buildings. The theatre is small, but tolerably well supported during the short annual season.

The streets of Ryde are not remarkable for their width and regularity, but they contain shops, where all the necessities, most of the comforts, and many of the elegancies of life may be procured; indeed, one might fancy that a few of these emporiums had been transplanted bodily from St. Paul's Churchyard or Regent Street.

There is also an Arcade, principally devoted to the display of fancy articles, and of those nondescript knickknacks one always sees at the sea-side, and whose variety is supposed to compensate for their want of utility. Many of them are ingenious, however, especially the arrangement, in multitudinous forms, of the variegated sands with which the shores of the island, particularly in Alum Bay, abound. Curious devices in shells, too, are there; and as all these, and others too numerous to mention, may have afforded employment to some who could not otherwise procure it, they are not to be condemned as utterly useless.

There are baths, of course, and very complete and commodious they are. In fact, Ryde possesses an advantage in this respect over many other places, for the waters of the Solent are seldom so turbulent as to prevent persons from enjoying the luxury—so invigorating to the healthful, so restorative to the invalid—of sea bathing.

It was too late in the evening to do more than glance at the country roads near which we wandered, so we strolled up one street and down another, till we had tolerably completed the circuit of the town, reserving for the morrow our introduction to the natural beauties that surrounded us.

And what a lovely morrow greeted us! We awoke early, roused by the songs of birds, who were rejoicing in the new day, knowing full well that—

“ When the faint morning dawns, the day must follow,  
For light must ever triumph.”

Directly after breakfast we wended our way to the shore, and just beyond the Dover, our attention was arrested by that elegant shrub, the French Tamarisk, which is only found on the sea-coast, and that not generally, but confined to peculiar spots. Hastings and Ryde are the only two homes I have known it to choose for itself, but it is probable it may be found in other localities along our southern coast. In case it is not known, I will give a short description of it, for its acquaintance will afford pleasure. The flower is a long, slender spike of very pale pink blossoms; the stems are slender, nodding, red, and glossy, and they are clothed with scales; the leaves are extremely small, beautifully covering the



slight branches, so as to give to the whole a very light and feathery appearance. The stamens are of rather a deeper pink than the petals, and nothing can surpass the lightness and elegance of the plant altogether. Ours was a wild specimen, but I understand the plant is cultivated as an ornament to the fronts of houses, and attains to a considerable size in shrubberies. Of course I gathered a spray to admire as we went along; that is a propensity of mine in which I do not care to check myself, for—

“The tiniest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,”

or for words, either; and one great delight of walking in the country is that one may indulge one's fancy in this respect.

We now entered a winding path, which conducts through a copse to the beautiful Appley Wood, where frequently afterwards we strolled at eventide to gaze on the glorious prospect that lay outstretched beneath us. I usually took a book—some favourite author—and, reclining on the verdant turf, I read or mused by turns, as chance or fancy dictated, sometimes, even, dreamily forgetting the present in those anticipations of the future, which generally throng the mind when one enjoys the privilege of leisurely contemplating grand and beautiful scenery. Occasionally my husband would place himself beside me, and listen for a few minutes to the glowing page which so interested me, but oftener he would lean against an adjacent tree, and scan the prospect with his glass. And a glorious prospect it is!—the Mother-Bank, with its fleet of majestic vessels riding at anchor, and displaying, especially to an experienced eye, the perfection to which naval architecture has advanced as a science. Truly, this is a sight which raises in the breast of an Englishman that exultant feeling at the proof he sees of England's supremacy, which is easily pardonable. The crisp, curling waves, glancing in the sunlight, add brilliance and animation to the scene. Beyond lies Portsmouth, and the Dockyard with its numerous buildings, some devoted to the peaceful, but necessary, business of providing bread, &c., for the navy, and others happily being storehouses for munitions of war.

We lingered not long 'neath the grateful shade of Appley Wood on this our first excursion, for we were desirous of extending our walk to the Sea-View, a pleasant enough spot when you reach it, but not easy of access, for the pathway is a mere ledge, skirting the wall of a marine villa, and we could only walk in single file, no easy task for one who had been but lately an invalid. However, we managed pretty well, my husband placing me before him, while in his extended hand he held a walking-stick, which served me as a rail; for I felt dizzy, though raised to no great height from the rough beach below.

Sea-View is merely a village, and not a very picturesque one, but near it are some pretty residences; especially Cliff Cottage, Westridge, and Sea-field, and a pleasant-looking cottage whose name we could not learn, standing at the very extremity of a promontory, which might easily be converted into an island. From this point a good view is obtained of Portsmouth Harbour; and eastward, far as the eye can gaze, roll the billows of the British Channel.

Fatigued with our walk, we seated ourselves on a rustic bench placed in a commanding situation, and entered into conversation with one of the "fathers of the hamlet." From him we learned that most of the commodities of life had to be brought from Ryde; for the village shop contained no great assortment of goods, and the prices, as usual where there is a monopoly, ruled high. One usually considered necessary of life, butcher's meat, he said the villagers seldom tasted. The old man shook his head, and sighed, as he added—"times were very different when he was a boy." How strange, yet how general, is this sad retrospection amongst the aged! Surely it cannot always be correct that times were more prosperous formerly than now. Can it be that—

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

More probably the truth is that youth, with its buoyant spirits, keen appetite, and actual enjoyment of the mere animal existence, finds the hardest fare absolutely luxurious, if he can but obtain a sufficiency of it; while, in more advanced age, the cares and anxieties of life depress the spirits, and, in some cases, almost benumb the faculties; unless, indeed, the individual is sustained with the hope of a "better land," now seeming not very far off.

We gave the old man a token in remembrance of our visit, part of which, no doubt, went to purchase "the pernicious weed" that seems, with the poor, to have the power of inducing forgetfulness of life's troubles; and taking a cordial leave of him, retraced our steps, and returned home delighted with our first walk.

On subsequent occasions we varied our homeward route by leaving the shore beyond Appley, and taking the beautiful road, leading through cultivated grounds to the old carriage road above, where a real country church stands sentry just opposite its termination. In this park of Nature's forming—called, I believe, St. John's Park—pretty villa residences, some of them of considerable pretensions, are dotted down here and there in elegant disorder; and a charming locality it forms altogether, where, on a summer's eve, one may exchange the bracing air of the sea-side for the scent of newly-mown hay, and the perfume of roses and jessamine.

"Heaven sends, upon the wings of spring,  
Fresh thoughts into the hearts of flowers;



And oft a gentle whispering  
Is audible at twilight hours,  
'Mid the young leaves in quiet sylvan bowers."

The pleasantly-situated mansion, named St. John's, commands extensive and beautiful prospects by sea and land. The estate is remarkable for its noble trees, and for the two pretty rustic lodges which mark the entrance to its grounds.

Sometimes we passed the elegant castellated mansion, St. Clare, since chosen as the abode of royalty during the halcyon period that occurs but once in a lifetime—but once, that is, in all the exuberance of love and youth—the joyous honeymoon! St. Clare is a lovely, fairy-like domain, the very spot in which to enjoy elegant seclusion, while the varied home scenes and marine views by which it is surrounded enchant the eye.

We devoted one evening to the Dover, formerly a tract of common land, now enclosed and covered with fine turf. Few who traverse this spot are aware they are treading over the lowly resting-places of some of the unfortunates who perished in the wreck of the "Royal George" in August, 1782,

"When Kempenfeldt went down,  
With twice four hundred men."

This dreadful catastrophe occurred at Spithead. The circumstances are too well known to need repetition here, but it may be told that as the corpses were washed on shore they were collected in this place, and then committed to the ground. No tablet records the sad tale, and the mounds which were raised over the graves have disappeared in the lapse of time, or have been levelled by the foot of the unconscious passenger. The Dover is a favourite resort for nurses and their young charges; and the laugh of childhood, usually so musical, falls here but sadly on the ear, as thought recurs to the brave fellows who are taking their last long sleep so near, yet so unheeded.

Thence we went to the Pier, to enjoy at our leisure the splendid panorama it commands. "The silver Solent," alive with vessels of every description, first attracts us. Stokes' Bay, whence vessels usually take those pleasant excursions called "trial trips," is just opposite the end of the Pier; to the left are seen Southampton Water, with hoary Calshot at its entrance, and on the Island shore, Cowes, with the ships in the roads, Binstead, and Norris Castle, then Ryde itself, with its many and varied attractions, comprising all classes of residences, from the princely seats of noblemen, to the cottage ornée of the private gentleman. Then we note the pleasant shades of Appley and St. John's, then Sea-View, with the well-wooded demesne beyond. Approaching the end of the pier a second time, and casting the eye to the right, we observe Haslar Hospital,

Portsmouth, and its Dockyard with its forest of masts within the harbour, and the noble vessels lying at Spithead; then the slight eminence on which stands Southsea Castle, and the grey outline of Chichester Cathedral is dimly discernible; beyond this the waves of the British Channel and the horizon meet.

Very pleasant was that evening stroll, and long we gazed delightedly at the varied scene, while—

“Winds came lightly whispering from the west  
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep serene.”

### BRADING.

“Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree’s shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

“Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.”

GRAY.

The weather was unfavourable on the first Sunday we spent at Ryde; however, between the showers, we contrived to get to the new church in Dover Street, a neat and commodious edifice, within which five hundred free seats are devoted to the use of the poor—an example that might be advantageously followed in many of our metropolitan churches. The service was well-conducted, the reading impressive, and the chanting—assisted by a richly-toned organ, skilfully played—was exceedingly good.

Monday morning arose in brilliance and beauty, and, being excellent pedestrians, my husband and I started early to walk to Brading, a distance of four miles from Ryde—country miles I imagine. The roads were in good order after the yesterday’s rain, and the hedges, grateful for the refreshing showers, were rife with loveliness and fragrance.

I thought of Mrs. Hofland’s interesting paper on “Hedge Roses,” as one cluster after another of these pretty flowers seemed to court my plucking; and I must confess I rather tried the patience of my companion, as I begged him to reach for me now “those lovely buds,” and then “those exquisite honeysuckles.” Fortunately for me, he, too, can admire the beauty of wild-flowers, or my requests would not have been so readily granted.

Mrs. Hofland remarks, that she nowhere else in England observed the hedge-rose to attain such luxuriance, as it does at Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire, where, she says, these beautiful children of Flora embellish the finest scene which boasts a romantic



site in the country. I must be forgiven if I transcribe the description of this enchanting spot. "The ruins of Bolton Priory," she writes, "though not extensive, being singularly elegant in their forms, and situated on the banks of the Wharfe, where they are clothed with noble woods, studded with bold rocks, or skirted with emerald meadows, where tributary streams glide gently over pebbly beds, or rush in magnificent cataracts, present altogether a picture uniting every object of attraction.

"The former church of the convent is still the parish church; but the long-drawn aisles, the noble choir, and all the parts allotted for human habitation, are in a dilapidated state. Few religious establishments owe their rise to an origin so touching—especially to the heart of woman—as this, for it was founded by Cecilia de Mesclinces, to pray for her only son, the 'Boy of Egremont.' Seeking to spring over the Wharfe, in a place where its angry torrent is compressed between opposing rocks, he was pulled into the water by a favourite greyhound, fastened by a leash to his arm, and irreparably lost.

"It is here, in the precincts of that spot where all earthly happiness was prostrated by a single stroke; where rank, youth, courage, and beauty were laid low; where death has triumphed, and desolation triumphs still; where the mournings of a bereaved mother were succeeded by the imposing ceremonies of a magnificent and imaginative hierarchy, now indicated alone by broken pillars, unglazed windows, and waving grass,—that the wild rose blossoms in all its prodigality of beauty. Springing from scanty stores of earth, deposited in narrow crevices of the mouldering walls, each tree spreads out numerous branches, which, clinging to the tracery of the windows and the shafts of the arches, form festoons like the woodbine, and boast of hues that rival the most treasured favourite of horticulture."

Seated beneath the ruins, and revolving the sad state of the founder, with that of many others among the great in the neighbourhood—the centre of the civil wars during the contest of the Roses—when a deep sense of the sins and miseries of human existence forced itself on my remembrance, and the spirits of the proud and the oppressed, which once haunted these precincts, seemed to rise around me, exciting fear or awakening sorrow—I have gazed on these beautiful flowers as they shone like stars above me, and felt that in their returning blossoms, so lately emerging from a wintry grave, nature, not less than revelation, gave the promise of that immortality which can alone console us for the turmoil and sorrows of life, and have rejoiced in the remembrance, that

"The storms of wintry life will soon be o'er,  
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

I once spent an evening at Kensington with Mrs. Hofland and her husband, which will ever be remembered as one of the "green spots" of existence. In person and style she strongly reminded me of portraits I have seen of Hannah More—the quiet, finished gentle woman. She spoke little, but that little was deferentially listened to, as it deserved to be, and I believe all present regretted when the hour of departure arrived. One lady, gifted with extraordinary loquacity, undertook to do the agreeable to Mr. Hofland during the evening, and so strenuously performed her part that, spite of his wishful glances towards our corner, where a small group encircling Mrs. Hofland were conversing on literary topics, he could not escape. I fancied he was mentally contrasting the speaking quietude of his wife with the noisy volubility of his partner; and when she had taken her leave, he drew a long breath, acknowledging she had almost "talked him dead."

I have made another long digression, but I trust it has been neither an unpleasing nor an unprofitable one; however, *revenons à nos moutons*.

Our way to Brading lay through a beautiful road, well kept, but not formal, and affording throughout picturesque views of the surrounding country, with occasional glimpses of the ever-glorious sea.

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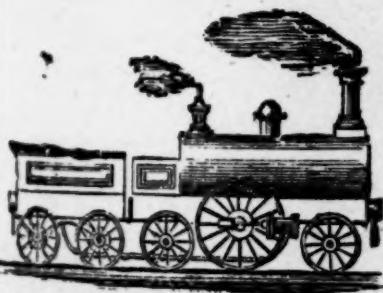
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